

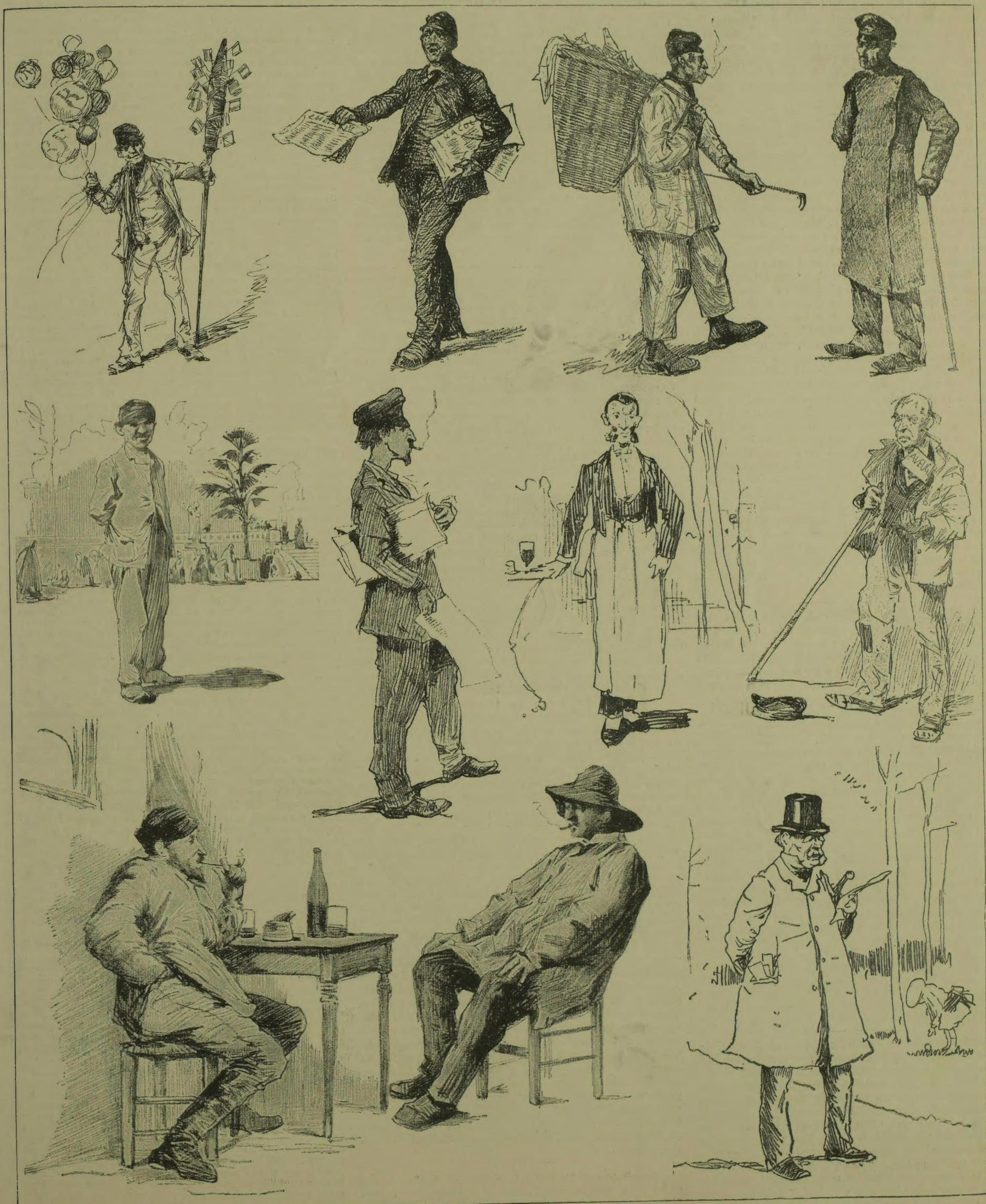
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PARIS STREET SKETCHES DURING THE ELECTIONS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are few pleasures that fall to the lot of maturity, but the coming to an end of one's holiday is certainly one of them. Notwithstanding all that is advanced in favour of old age, it rarely succeeds in making a score—save its threescore and ten; its enjoyments are as mild as meat teas, and when it endeavours to repeat those it used to delight in they are miserable failures; but this solitary advantage it does possess, that it leaves the country or seaside for home without a murmur. Childhood feels it bitterly; "O for another week," it cries, "of the wooden spade or the shrimping net!" Even middle age resents "coming back to harness"; but the head that is hoary nods approvingly when the omnibus from the railways lands him and his belongings at his own door. "He has had enough of action and of motion he," especially of locomotion. "There is confusion," as the poet sings (doubtless of a lodging inhabited by another family beside his own) "worse than death." "Hateful is the dark blue sky, vaulted o'er the dark blue sea," after four or five weeks of it. The servants are glad to see you, or pretend to be so (which is all one expects after fifty). The warmest welcome, after all, is not what one gets at an inn—at all events, in these days; the study, with its old armchair, looks comfortable; and when one has had a month of table d'hôte or lodging-house fare it is pleasant once more to dine.

It is not old age, however, so much as indolence that prevents the majority of persons enjoying their autumn holiday as they should do at English watering-places. Abroad they fall into the opposite extreme—take monstrously long journeys, get up at fabulously early hours, and expel comfort (successfully) with a pitchfork. But the same people, when they seek the seaside in England, do nothing but loaf and play whist at the club. This is an error. They should do something, if it is but fishing, every day; visit some local scene of interest; have an object, however slight, when they leave the hotel or their lodging-house besides walking on the pier. In former days there were aquariums. You found "objects" on the seashore, and put them under the microscope in the evening. No doubt it bored some people to death; but the majority survived, and were the better for it. It is only given to a very few persons—exceptionally blessed—to enjoy idleness, pure and simple—the making "ducks and drakes" in the sea with large flat stones, or looking through a telescope at the shipping. Indeed, it is not everybody who can look through a telescope: it wobbles about in your hand, and only gives you eclipses of everything. My eye is single, I hope, in a moral sense, but it cannot manage that instrument; and I find myself saying that I see things (to please my nautical friends) when I do not see them. At the seaside, indeed, instead of smoking a dozen pipes a day, one smokes a hundred; but that is scarcely an occupation. My neighbour Jones has a waggonette at his door every morning. "We are going to see this or that," he cries (an abbey, or a precipice, or a circus—he doesn't care which); "it's only ten miles away." "No, thank you," we say; "to-day we are going to be quite quiet," not having the least intention of being otherwise to-morrow. I am quite convinced that Jones is right; but I also know that so long as I live in this world, nothing but physical force—police, military, guns even—will induce me to drive ten miles in a waggonette to see anything.

Storrs on Windermere, we are told, has been sold to a limited company "for building purposes," which is not good news. Storrs was one of the many houses in Lakeland associated with its noble band of poets, and, indeed, beneath its roof their glory on one occasion at least may be said to have culminated. It was here, when Scott was staying with Wordsworth at Grasmere, that the two bards, with Southey and a brilliant company, including the Prime Minister of the day, were invited by Mr. Bolton, its hospitable owner, and a regatta held in their honour. Christopher North, "the Admiral of the Lake," led the fleet of yachts, and the scene was as bright a one as Genius and Nature ever combined to create. All have long been dead and over almost all Oblivion is drawing her jealous veil. If the villas that the limited company will build upon that beautiful spot should bear their names, it is as much as can be expected of posterity. But what a meeting that must have been, and in how fit a scene! Felicia Hemans doubtless looked down upon it from Dove's Nest. It was before Harriet Martineau's time, but she would often speak of the lionlike old Admiral, with his shaggy hair and noble face, steering the packet-boat on Windermere and chatting with the delighted market-folk. Lakeland's last poet left it the other day for some other heaven, and it will never, probably, be the Home of Bards, though Nature obviously so intended it, again:

No, those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years.

It requires a shock even to recall them to memory, and in the news that Storrs is to be let on building leases one gets it.

There is a certain limp knot of critics—reminding one in their restlessness and want of backbone of worms for bait—who are always complaining that genius is dead and buried, and not taking into the account at all that they would be the last to recognise it even if it were alive; but with the exception of this pessimist crew, and of the mere dullards, there are few who will not give "The Master of Ballantrae" that exceptional welcome which is due to imaginative power of the highest class. Mr. Stevenson has shown himself to be a true poet and charming essayist, a writer of the best boys' book (or, perhaps, one should say of the boys' best book, for "Treasure Island" is not a "goody" tale); and the most thrilling storyteller of his time; and he has now given us what may be called an historical novel (so far as

establishing his claim on the Civil List is concerned) the like of which we have not seen since "Redgauntlet," which in some respects it resembles. He has literally gone through each mode of the lyre, and has mastered them all. His last victory is his greatest. He has taken the dry bones of a century and a half ago, and clothed them with flesh and blood. The characters are few; there is no love-story in it; but, despite these disadvantages of culinary material, he has proved himself to be a *cordon bleu*. The dissension of the brothers, culminating, but far from terminating, in that gruesome duel; the feudal fidelity of the steward; the amazing adventures in America, which link the present with the past so rarely; and, above all, the changes of character produced by circumstance in the *dramatis personæ*, are all painted to the life with a brush that knows no fear. "The Master of Ballantrae" is one of those few books of which even a poor man says to himself, when he has finished it, "I would give a guinea never to have read it, that I might read it again for the first time."

Among the more modest claimants to the favour of novel-readers is "The County," a very bright, if somewhat cynical, picture of country-house life. The two sisters—Frances and Esmé—are admirably portrayed, though one would fain hope that the colossal selfishness of the former is overdrawn, even in a young lady who only moves and breathes in fashionable circles. Bryan Mansfield himself is scarcely depicted in worse colours; indeed, the artistic effect is so contrived that his genuine love for his wife seems somehow to make him more disagreeable to the reader, as it certainly does to that unhappy woman herself. The conversations are very amusing, and so is Sir Joseph Yarborough, though he never suspects it. One has cause of quarrel with the unknown authoress, however, in that after the young ladies' uncle weds their lady's maid, we hear no more of that happy pair. Among the humorous observations we meet with in "The County," the confession of the *soi-disant* heiresses whom her hateful marriage has pauperised that they miss her dreadfully—as a maid, is a touch that could have been given by no prentice hand.

It is said that on the larger stations of the Midland Railway the experiment is shortly to be tried (probably in connection with the bookstalls) of giving writing accommodation, mainly for the convenience of commercial travellers; but a writing-room, in spots where we all have sometimes to stop against our wills, with nothing to do, will be a boon to everybody. It will often save that hurried note we have to write "to catch the post" when we reach the end of our journey. To authors and others it will be invaluable, for ideas, from lack of opportunity to record them, are now constantly relegated to the lost-luggage department, and never claimed. In the works of future poets, "Lines on dejection written at Crewe," or other melancholy junction, will, doubtless, have a frequent place. It has been wickedly said of certain prolific novel-writers that over their doors could be inscribed, as over the cobblers' stalls and umbrella-menders, "Novels written while you wait"; but thus they really could be written—while the authors wait—and save much valuable time.

The father of an Etonian has written to the *Times* to complain of "a new tyranny" at that seminary, where it was fondly imagined there were no hardships save "chain making"—the manufacture of Latin verse. The novelty consists, however, in the tyranny being extended to the fifth form, even the lowest member of which was in the old days safe as a Bramah lock, and sacred as Bramah's cow. He is now made to play cricket fourteen times a week, though he may cordially detest that amusement. His portion is doubtless only to "fag out," batting and bowling being reserved for his seniors; that, however, is not his grievance, but that privilege has been infringed. For my part, I have no sort of sympathy with him. His case is hard, but no harder than that of the "lower boy," for whose position he shows no pity. Let him raise the flag of revolt for the "downtrodden myriads," and not for his class, and this lover of liberty is with him. It certainly seems a monstrous thing that an intelligent boy, who wants to read "Martin Chuzzlewit" in his "study," should have to pass his hours of recreation in picking up a ball which some unsympathising giant is always hitting to long distances with a flat stick.

An admirable storyteller has been called away from the ranks of English novelists. He would not have disdained the name, for he was old-fashioned enough to consider story the backbone of fiction. Charles Reade, who was also of that opinion, in talking to me of Wilkie Collins, called him "a great artist," and pointed out with enthusiasm the marvellous dovetailing of his work. There is no looseness nor aimless padding about it; he always saw his way out from the first. Dickens had the highest opinion of his genius, and, as is well known, wrote more than one story in collaboration with him. Perhaps their happiest united effort is "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," a striking example of the way in which two master hands, though of different schools, can work together without showing the join. Perhaps the best book of short stories in the language (excepting only Lefanu's "In a Glass Darkly") is Collins's "After Dark." His most popular novel was "The Woman in White"; his most original one, "The Moonstone." His "Miscellanies" have a vein of humour absent from his longer works, and his talk was full of it. No gentler or more kindly hearted man ever held a pen, or gave encouragement to youthful aspirants. Though from ill-health he had long withdrawn from general society, he leaves many friends to mourn him, a world of grateful readers, and not a single enemy.

The marriage of Mr. Percy A. Molteno, of the Temple, son of Sir John Molteno, first Premier of the Cape Colony, and Miss E. M. Currie, second daughter of Sir Donald Currie, M.P., was celebrated on Sept. 18 at Garth Castle, Aberfeldy, the seat of the bride's father.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

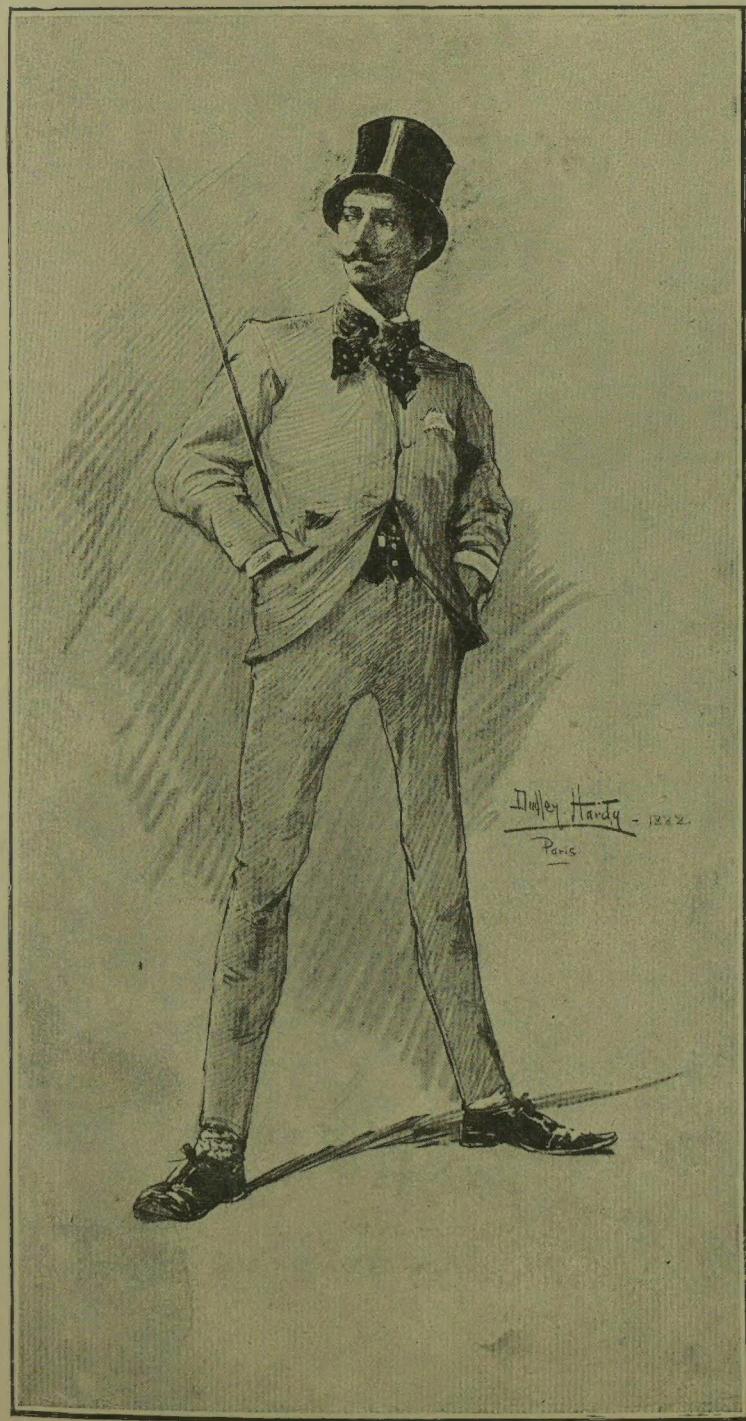
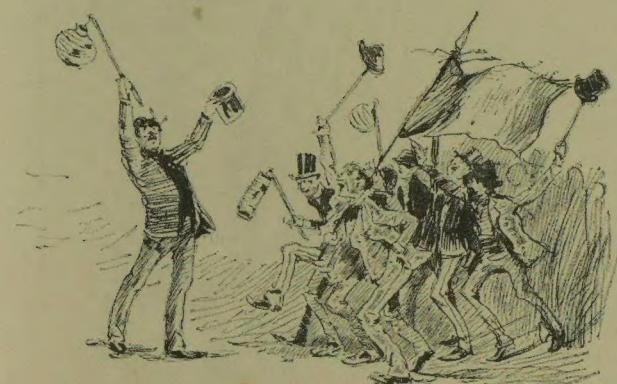
On Sunday, Sept. 22, the elections of the 584 members of the French Chamber of Deputies, by universal suffrage, took place in Paris and all over the country. It was regulated by the method of *scrutin d'arrondissement*, each elector voting for one candidate only, within his own electoral district, or "arrondissement," which has, on the average, a population of 70,000. This system has been restored, by a law passed since the last elections, instead of the *scrutin de liste*, by which every voter could join in choosing as many representatives as are allotted to the whole Department. In such a case as that of the Department of the Seine, which includes all Paris and the suburbs, comprising thirty-five districts or divisions, with an immense population, *scrutin de liste* enabled General Boulanger to gain an alarming apparent victory; hence it was considered expedient to re-enact the former system, which is certainly the most logical and equitable basis of representation.

The elections were not completed on Sept. 22, because the law requires that a successful candidate shall obtain more than half the aggregate number of votes actually given in the electoral district, and if he fails to do so, where there are more than two candidates, there must be a second ballot, which had therefore to be appointed for Sunday, Oct. 6. But, with regard to the ballot on Sept. 22, a careful examination of the election lists leads to the following results: Republicans elected, 215; Royalists, 89; Bonapartists, 49; Boulangists, 21—total, 374. Ten Republicans may be added for the colonies. Of the 186 second ballots the Republicans will certainly win 106, and may win 120, so that their numbers may be from 331 to 345, against from 225 to 239 members of the Opposition coalition. This gives a majority of from 92 to 120, most probably the latter figure. The Reactionary parties will consist of 120 Royalists, 75 Bonapartists, and 35 Boulangists. These last will thus be about one-seventeenth of the Chamber. France has quietly rejected Boulangism, which could not seize her except by surprise, and which was bound to disappear before French common-sense and respectability. There were 385 Boulangist candidates, of whom only 35 were elected. General Boulanger himself, in the Montmartre electoral division (Clignancourt), got 7816 votes, against 5507 given to M. Joffrin and 444 to M. Thiébaud, but his election will be pronounced illegal and void, as he is an outlaw under the sentence of the High Court of Justice, for fraud and embezzlement of public money. The candidature of M. Rochefort for Belleville is also null and void.

The voting in Paris went off very quietly. In the morning, almost until noon, there was a series of heavy showers, which had the effect of keeping many persons in town who had intended spending the day in the country, and of sending electors later to the polls than would otherwise have been the case. Even in the Montmartre district, in the long Rue de Clignancourt, as well as in the surrounding streets, many of the shops were open, and the tradesmen were selling cheap clothes, boots and shoes, and provisions of every kind as if nothing unusual was going on. The inhabitants looked neat and trim in their holiday attire. Many of the men, after performing their electoral duties, were escorting their families to the different tram and omnibus stations for the Exhibition, the Bois, and other favourite resorts. A few groups collected here and there in front of walls on which were placarded huge posters containing the latest addresses of General Boulanger. At the various schools and other houses used as voting stations there was no confusion. The electors went in and came out gravely and quietly, afterwards pausing for a little chat with friends and acquaintances. All questions put to people who were standing about were answered promptly and with the utmost politeness; and there was a thorough absence of anything in the way of cries, altercation, or noise. After having done their duty as electors, most of the voters made haste to enjoy the Sunday attractions of Paris, especially as the sun shone out fitfully during the afternoon. The sports and amusements were, after all, more enjoyable to the citizens than hanging around the Mayors' establishments discussing the probable results of the day's contest, or sitting in or outside the cafés to await the first vague indications of the evening as to the progress of the battle which was being waged by means of the ballot-box. Among the chief out-door entertainments, besides the Exhibition, were the Grand Criterium race at Longchamps and the Spanish bull-ring in the Pergolèse, where Mazzantini, the handsomest of toreros, drew a crowd of fair admirers. In the Bourse quarter and elsewhere parties of men paraded the streets singing Boulangist songs; and when the newspaper *La Presse* exhibited a transparency showing the victory of General Boulanger at Montmartre, a great uproar occurred in the vicinity of the offices of that journal. One section of the crowd gave enthusiastic cheers for Boulanger, while the opposing party responded with loud hooting, hissing, and shouts of reprobation. After some time orders were given for the dispersal of the crowd, and the police, with the mounted guards, made a charge and scattered the people, of whom several were arrested for disorderly conduct.

On the same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a monumental group of bronze sculpture, on the Place de la Nation, designed to symbolise "The Triumph of the Republic," was unveiled by President Carnot, who received numerous plaudits as he passed along that frequent headquarters of revolution, the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Speeches were made by M. Chautemps, President of the Municipal Council, and by M. Tirard, President of the Council and Minister of Commerce. In the evening, at the Palais de l'Industrie, a banquet was given to the International Railway Congress, presided over by M. Yves Guyot, Minister of Public Works.

Our Artist's Sketches of a variety of figures to be met in the streets and public places of Paris during the elections will be recognised as class types by those who have been observant of popular manners and humours in unfashionable quarters of that lively city. Several may at once be identified by their costume: the one-armed military pensioner of the Invalides, the "chiffonier," or rag-collector, with basket on back, the newsboy selling Boulangist prints, and the blind beggar with his staff, and with a breast-placard announcing his misfortune; the waiter at the little table outside a restaurant on the Boulevard, the troop of uproarious students waving their flags and hats; the careful "bonne" carrying a baby, the itinerant vendor of toy-flags and miniature balloons for children; the idle workmen discussing politics over pot and pipe, the weary couple of peasants resting on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens, the calm young priest conning the news of the hour as he walks on a religious errand, the art-students with their portfolios returning from a picture-gallery, show what they are beyond possibility of mistake. Ordinary citizens, regular "bourgeois" folk, men and women of the middle classes, who certainly do not wish to see another Revolution, are seen passing to and fro without alarm or excitement; and it may safely be guessed that these people will not be displeased with the result of the French elections, affording good hope of security for the present Republican Constitution of France.



PARIS STREET SKETCHES DURING THE ELECTIONS.



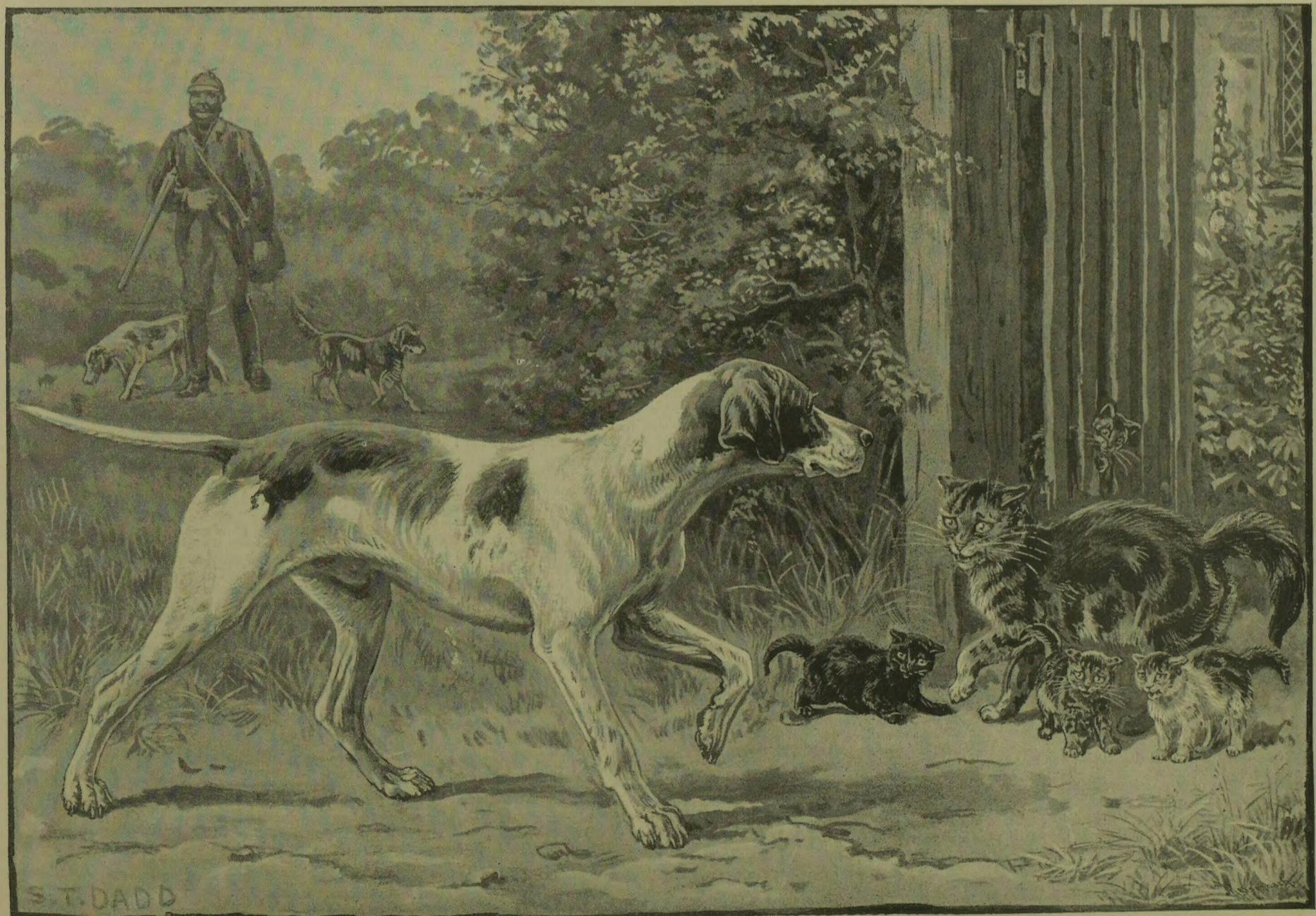
THE LATE STRIKE OF DOCK LABOURERS IN THE PORT OF LONDON: OLD DOCK HANDS.



DOCKERS AT WORK: UNLOADING A SUGAR CARGO AT THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.



DOCKERS AT WORK: UNLOADING A CARGO OF TEA.



A STRANGE COVEY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Personal popularity has worked wonders this week. It has saved from swift condemnation an invertebrate burlesque and a most wearisome drama. The homecoming and organised welcome to the Gaiety company after their long journey to Australia and America drew a courteous veil over the weak spots of the feeble parody on "Ruy Blas"; and the enthusiasm of the many friends of Mr. Augustus Harris was not to be damped by the depression caused by one of the longest and, at present, the most tedious dramas on record. The ozone is not yet exhausted from the constitution of the London playgoer: he is full to the brim with the milk of human kindness; and the autumn season has started with a flourish of trumpets louder than has been heard for many a long day. All is *couleur de rose*. The opening acts of "The Middleman" passed without so much as a murmur; not the slightest objection was raised to the last act of "A Man's Shadow"; the Gaiety folk were allowed to "fool around" as they pleased until the verge of midnight, and the last bus, tram, and train must have departed to the suburbs long ere Mr. Arthur Dacre, as the Cavalier in pink breeches, was permitted to get up from his knees on the scaffold at Tower Hill, leave off his prayers, and clasp the loving maiden who had brought him a reprieve.

First, then, as to the new drama at Drury-Lane, called "The Royal Oak," which, as originally written, must, according to all accounts, have been at least three hours too long. Obviously it will not do as it stands, unless Mr. Augustus Harris desires to weary his friends with a form of entertainment that is as wearisome as a Salvation Army sermon. If ever there was a stage in which action was required it is the stage of Drury Lane. It is a positive relief to see a dance in an English nobleman's park at the time of the anything but Merry Monarch; and, after the nasal drawling of a gang of Puritans, the Biblical phrases and the evangelistic jargon of the Hezekiah and Jedekiah and Hephzebahs of the new historical drama, the audience positively wakes up from somnolence when a handsome young fellow is to have his head chopped off on the block. Everyone must be with Mr. Harris when he desires to raise the tone of the Drury-Lane drama. We have probably had enough of houses on fire and shipwrecks and real engines and race-horses; but surely there is a happy medium between modern sensationalism and relentless boredom? It will not do for Mr. Harris to rush off at a tangent and say, "Very well, if you won't have the Royal Oak, back you must go to the race-course, the tout, the tipster, and the stage Jew." This is scarcely fair. There is such a thing as romantic drama with a little more action and life in it than "The Royal Oak." If Mr. Harris or Mr. Hamilton had wanted a model of a play that is semi-historical but never dull, it would be found in such a play as "Amos Clarke," by Watts Phillips. It is impossible to rush at once from plays of action to plays of dialogue on the stage of Drury-Lane, for the very good reason that the modern actor has had no training whatever in voice delivery on a large stage, and in front of a large audience. We cannot get back to the literary drama when not one word of the literature is heard. It was quite comical to notice the difference between the trained actor of the classical school and the showy representative of the modern one. No actor on the stage could have looked the Cavalier hero better than Mr. Arthur Dacre: he was a picture throughout. But it is the solemn truth that not one half, scarcely a quarter of the words he uttered were heard in the second row of the stalls. He woke up in the angry discussion with the libertine Monarch; and he gave a spasm of energy in the execution scene: but for the rest he smothered his words and buried his sentences, dropping his voice just when it ought to have been raised, and favouring us with the elocution of the "natural" school, which is about the most ineffective school in a large theatre that ever was invented. Quite as eager and intense as Mr. Arthur Dacre, but almost as inaudible, was Miss Winifred Emery, one of our most charming actresses, but unschooled in the difficulties of a theatre like Drury-Lane. It is no more difficult to be heard at Drury-Lane than elsewhere, if the art of voice delivery is cultivated only one little bit. The voices of Mr. Dacre and Miss Emery are probably just as strong as those of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Miss Fanny Brough; but the last two artists could be heard in every corner of the house, because they both understand the art of speaking, which is the very last thing the modern actor attempts to acquire. Listen, in this very play, to Mr. Henry Loraine when he speaks; listen to Mr. Dobell; listen to all the trained actors; and it will be felt that the play wakes up and becomes intelligible when they deliver their lines. For a wonder, even Mr. Henry Neville, in certain of the scenes, joined the modern army of the mumblers. I can honestly say that, in the scene when the King is setting out in the fishing-boat, and addressing Old England in grandiloquent strains, I caught the drift of the speeches, but did not catch one word of Mr. Hamilton's prose poem. It sounded mighty fine, but it might have been Hebrew or double Dutch for aught I heard of it. The poetical and literary drama can be revived when actors and actresses learn how to deliver dialogue, and not before. It is not done by talking naturally as in a drawing-room, but artificially as on the stage. The actor's first business is to create interest and to influence. What wonder that people talk in the stalls or go to sleep when the majority on the stage are passing before our eyes and mumbling sentences we cannot hear? Better, surely, the over-declamatory school with its flourish than the untrained and falsely called natural school, that has good things to say but never says them. Actors and actresses are for use as well as show. In these modern days "they are pretty to look at," but seldom "good 'uns to go." In order to make "The Royal Oak" a profitable success, several things will have to be done. Action must be heightened everywhere; dialogue must be curtailed wholesale—not because it is not good dialogue, but because it cannot be heard. Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. Arthur Dacre ought to change parts—for Mr. Dacre looks the King, and Mr. Neville could act the Cavalier. The pretty character of the baby aristocrat should be played by a bright youth or a clever girl; not because Master Frank Stephens is not clever, but because the part is too old a part for any child. It is a strong and important part, and should be played strongly; and a little less of the Puritan mouthing might be suggested with advantage. The audience gave a sigh of relief when Mr. Harry Nicholls left off droning and became his natural self again, for comic cant is dreary stuff at the best. These things done, the new play will have some chance of popularity, in addition to the pleasure of seeing the beautiful scenery, the elaborate sets, the fine pictures of Old England, and the accurate and interesting costumes designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Scene-painter, designer, stage-manager, and decorator have done their work admirably; and so possibly have the authors, if we could only hear what they have written.

The changes in the Gaiety burlesque are made very much more easily. Let us have as much as possible of Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie: let the one continue her male jerkin, and the other abandon his undesirable petticoats. Let the sweeps' dress and the sweeps' chorus disappear like the soot they suggest. Let Miss Silvia Grey dance more, and Miss Letty Lind take

an inch or so off her inelegant and hampering skirts. Let the song about the tempting apple that grew in the orchard be transferred to Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie, and sung when they are dressed up as children; and let an artist like Mr. Leslie ask himself seriously whether he had not better leave his share in the burlesqued *pas de quatre* to some actor who can do nothing better than hold a brother actor up to ridicule. Mr. Leslie is far too clever and original in his own line to play it down so low as that. It was all very well for the American Dixey, but not for the English Leslie. The scene of welcome was one of the most striking things I have ever seen within the walls of a theatre. I was never before witness of a triumph so well organised and apparently so sincere. The manners of some of the young gentlemen in the stalls were open to improvement; but we may presume they had been dining, and forgot that "ladies were present." The triumph of the evening naturally fell to Miss Farren, an artist of whom all may well be proud, whether they understand what real art is or not. She is one of the most marvellous actresses of this or any time, and neither time nor trouble seems to cloud her "infinite variety." She was deeply and visibly affected by the cheery welcome she received; but she must have thought it a little hard when, at the close, she was chaffed by one of her boisterous friends for showing a trace of emotion—that unpardonable sin in these days of ridicule and irreverence. It was surely no subject for banter when the bright voice faltered and the tears streamed down the laughing cheeks? Though "the boys" may not know it—or care to confess it—even burlesque actresses have hearts.

C. S.

THE DOCK LABOURERS.

Although the work of unloading and loading ships in the various docks of the Port of London was resumed on Monday, Sept. 16, at the new rate of wages, sixpence an hour and eight-pence for overtime, the labourers who had been a month out on "strike," and who had formed a sort of Trade Union, found the arrangements made by the great dock companies not altogether such as they wished. A very small proportion of the "casuals" seeking employment at the dock gates were called in for service in the temporary gangs; and it was soon known that the joint managing committee of directors had engaged about five hundred able-bodied men, for permanent service, at £1 a week, these men having been sent for to do the work needful during the strike. Attempts were made, in some instances, to molest and annoy these so-called "black-legs," to drive them from the sides of the ships, and to hustle them out of the docks; this led to fighting and stone-throwing, and on the second day, at the Albert Dock, there was an approach to a formidable riot. The local division of the Metropolitan Police, however, lending assistance to the police belonging to the dock companies, was strong enough to put a stop to these disorders without any reinforcement, which the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Monro, was prepared to send if it were required. Mr. Beck, the superintendent of the East and West India Docks, remonstrated earnestly with the men guilty of such unjustifiable violence, and those who persisted in it were dismissed from employment. The dock managers have firmly and consistently refused to dismiss the men not belonging to the labourers' "union," whom they engaged as permanent servants; and this matter remained under discussion so late as Sept. 24, in conferences between the leaders of the late "strike" and the managers of the docks, some two hundred "unionist" labourers, as well as the stevedores, who are engaged for loading ships independently of the Dock Company, having refused to work along with non-unionist men. Our Artist has made Sketches of a few of the old dock hands in the attitude of refraining from labour; on the other side he has delineated a more cheerful scene of industry, the unloading of a sugar cargo in the West India Docks. As the bags of sugar are landed on the wharves, their contents are examined by an officer of the Dock Company, who has to give a certificate of their nature and quality, at least of their sort in trade classification, for the satisfaction of the importers to whom the merchandise is consigned. By plunging an instrument, which is a kind of scoop with a pointed end, into the closed bag, a sample of sugar is drawn out, and this is laid on a board for skilful inspection. Another Sketch represents the unloading of a cargo of tea at the East India Docks, in chests which are cased with zinc or tin, or enveloped with an oil-cloth wrapper, to protect the contents from dust or from sea-water.

The Portrait of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins is from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano.

The Corporation of Dewsbury have obtained permission of her Majesty to call the large public room in their new Town-hall the Victoria Hall.

The *Leeds Daily News* states that the anonymous benefactor who has virtually borne the whole cost of erecting the new parish church of Portsea is Mr. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury.

At the meeting of the Minster Board of Guardians on Sept. 24, a communication was read to the effect that a female pauper lunatic had become entitled to £400, which had been left her as a legacy. The woman has been chargeable to the Union as a lunatic for several years.

On Sept. 24 Mr. and Mrs. Edison, who are paying a short visit to Sir John Pender at Foot's Cray, visited the Mansion House, and were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The company included Lord Brassey, Sir John Pender, Sir James Anderson, Mr. J. S. Forbes, Miss Miller (Mrs. Edison's sister), Sir Polydore de Keyser, Mr. Alderman Knill, Mr. Alderman Hart, Mr. Alderman Davies, Colonel and Mrs. Gouraud, and the Mayor of Nottingham.

Mr. Robert Melville, barrister, of 3, New-square, London, has been appointed Judge of the County Court Circuit No. 12, which includes Huddersfield, Halifax, Dewsbury, Saddleworth, Todmorden, and Holmfirth, in succession to the late Judge M'Intyre. Mr. Melville was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1864, became an equity draughtsman and conveyancer, and practised in the South-Eastern Circuit and Lancaster Chancery Court.

A conversazione was held in the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, on Sept. 24, for the purpose of inaugurating the proceedings connected with the University autumn gathering, the first which has taken place in Scotland. The gathering will extend over a fortnight. The proceedings will include a course of lectures, visits to the museums, picture-galleries, and other institutions, and excursions to various places of interest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The conversazione was attended by about 2000 ladies and gentlemen. Sir Thomas Clark, in the absence of Lord Moncreiff, presided at a meeting held in the lecture-hall, when addressed explanatory of the University Extension scheme were given by Professor Crum Brown, Professor Kirkpatrick, Mr. W. C. Smith, and others. In the early part of the day Professor Kirkpatrick gave an introductory lecture, and in the name of the *Senatus* welcomed those present to the academic halls.

NUTS AND NUTTERS.

Among the earliest and most perennially vivid recollections to those who have had any rural experiences in childhood, probably those of nuts and nutting stand conspicuous. Few of us who have had such experiences cannot but look back with pleasure on some expedition of early youth, when, with companions who perchance have passed away, we sallied forth into the copse for a day's nutting. A good deal besides nutting was added to the day's delights—as, for instance, an informal picnic under some spreading oak, which had dropped its acorns around, material for a similar picnic for the wild and tame creatures which might roam the quiet copse; sketching of bits of woodland scenery; singing more or less artistic; and a certain amount of mild flirtation.

In humble imitation of the Alpine enthusiast, each of the party was provided with a long crook cut from hazel or holly bush, and a wallet wherein to hold the gains. The costumes of all were selected with a view to the encounter with briars and brambles, and many an opportunity was afforded of aiding the particular fair one of your temporary idolatry in securing ample spoil with much display of dexterity and devotion. Each one realised the graphic lines of Thomson, painting from life :

And where they burnish on the topmost boughs,
With active vigour crushes down the tree,
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk—
A glossy shower and of an ardent brown.

Where a fine harvest of nuts loaded the trees, much was the excitement and expectation in those salad days, and the rendezvous of scattered members of the party and pairs (whose empty wallets, as a rule, showed they had had more interesting matters than nuts to discuss) under some ancient tree, whose shade covered an oasis of moss and harebells, was marked by mirth and pleasure, the memory of which makes one sigh for the days when happiness was so simple in its fulness.

Of the hazel-tree and its nut as having many superstitions very ancient and varied clustering around them much might be written. It will suffice to allude to two of the commonest—the belief in the hazel branch as discovering water or metal, and in the nut as a species of divination on All Hallows' Eve—still dear to many rustic lovers. Rather is it of the nuts as they grow in ripe luxuriance on their thick bushes in the calm autumnal glow that we would speak. Beautiful indeed is the aspect of a woodland at this time, when the wild crops are in profusion. The acorns and beech-mast, the nuts, sloes, and crab-apples, the hips and haws, the mushrooms and various particoloured fungi are everywhere, and the tints of the trees are in such glowing contrast of gradation of hue. Rustling and bending with their clusters are the green hazels, and here and there in the wilder recesses of the copse stand ample blackberry-bushes with large and delicate fruit, better in flavour than that of the hedgerows. Squirrels flash up and down the trees, mindful of their share of nut and mast; and the wood-pigeons flap in and out the thick fastness of branches, well aware, like rooks, that the nutters carry nothing more lethal than a nutting-crook.

The hazel is a widely spread tree in all the cooler parts of Europe, Northern Asia, and North America. It is said to be the oldest of fruit familiar to us. Mingled emotions must arise (except in the minds of those people to whom any emotion save that excited by dinner or money-making is unknown) when we look at the nuts which, unknown ages ago, fell through the interstices of the platform of the Swiss lake-dwellers, and now repose beneath a glass case in the Museum for modern Londoners to gaze at. And, indigenous in England, the nut and its tree have been for successive ages among the most familiar objects of allusion in our literature. The finest hazels are found as a rule in soil that is somewhat moist and mossy. We have frequently in exploring the interior of copse found some which are, comparatively speaking, gigantic, and poles twenty feet long are not uncommon. But as a rule the desire to make money of underwood, as often as it can be cut profitably, prevents the bush attaining this size. Of the nut it may be said that by the concatenation of ideas it always suggests country fairs and the gallery of the theatres, especially on pantomime nights, even as in Scotland, as Burns has shown in immortal verse, it is always associated with All Hallows' Eve and the supposed prognostication of the fortunes of many a betrothed or would-be betrothed couple.

Old Culpepper, whose ancient tome is full of quaint learning on herbs and plants—such a book as the gentle Elia loved—makes a gallant defence of the hazel nut against the common charge of being unwholesome, avowing that in his opinion it strengthens the lungs, providing the red skin of the kernel be stripped off, and recommending the milky juice of the kernel with mead (which, by-the-way, is a little-known but most potent beverage in remoter shires) as a sovereign remedy for coughs. Says the old herbalist warmly, "Are men's tongues so given to slandering one another that they must slander nuts, too, to keep their tongues in use?" Among our forefathers it was believed that the oil of the kernels was an antidote against poison. This is probably part of the general credit which the hazel has obtained for a more or less magical quality.

One naturally thinks of the hazel nut's cultivated relative, the filbert. Of the origin of this name much has been written. One of our ancient poets, Gower, says that "Phillis"

Was shape into a nutte tree,
That all men it might see,

and hence derives the name. Another derivation is from Philibert, King of France. Leaving the name with Shakespeare's query, and coming to the thing, there is no doubt of the filbert's high position among the components of dessert for those who are (probably without, however, knowing it) of Culpepper's opinion, and, greatly daring, eat nuts. There have long been several varieties of the filbert in cultivation. It has one peculiarity on which a moralist might descant as a most useful metaphor for every-day use. And that is that many of the nuts when gathered are found useless by reason of the small and sybaritic maggot which leads an undisturbed life of succulence in the kernel. You cannot find, however, much romance about the filbert, as in the case of its wild congener. At the outside the only suggestion will be of sweetly solitary walks of two by a retired filbert hedge, or of rosy "filbert nails" tipping an exquisite white hand. Southeby, however, who is too much—at any rate, in our poor opinion—an underrated and neglected author, has made the "Filbert" a poem, in which he discourses of the various circumstances surrounding the nut's progress to maturity.

Yet with no finest-flavoured and well-developed filbert can ever wake the memories of the simple hazel nut ripening on its woodland or wayside bough, and the joyous task of gathering the clusters with the people one liked best in "the days when we went gipsying"—and such a long time ago as it seems! far outstretching the actual tale of years. One loves the hazel well—it stands foremost in the memories of rural scenes from the early spring days, when the yellowish-green catkins are the first signs of awakening life in the tree-world, to the days of autumn when in luxuriant ripeness the fruit everywhere invites the wayfarer to recreate himself by a turn at nutting.

F. G. W.

THE COURT.

According to recent arrangements the Queen is expected to return from Balmoral early in November to Windsor Castle. Madame Albani-Gye had the honour of singing before the Queen and the Royal family on Sept. 18. She was accompanied on the piano by Mlle. La Jeunesse. Her Majesty in the afternoon drove out with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, and Princess Alice of Hesse. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein has left Balmoral. Earl Cadogan arrived as Minister in attendance, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Major-General Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell also had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On the 19th her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, drove to Toldhu, and afterwards to Birkhall, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) left Balmoral in the morning. The Prince of Wales and Princess Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at the castle in the evening; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg left on a visit to Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife, at Mar Lodge. The Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Earl Cadogan and Madame D'Arcos (in attendance on the Empress) had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On the 21st the Queen, accompanied by Princess Alice of Hesse, drove from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, via Braemar, in a blinding snow-storm, which left the hills as white as in winter. After a call upon the Duke and Duchess of Fife her Majesty visited Old Mar Lodge, and took tea with Madame Albani, who is staying there, and afterwards returned to Balmoral. On the homeward journey the Queen was joined at Mar Lodge by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who, with Prince Henry, had been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 22nd, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. W. Williamson, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiated. Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife drove over from Mar Lodge to Balmoral on Sunday and remained to lunch. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Royal family drove to Aberfeldy and visited the Empress Eugénie. Earl Cadogan and General Sir Linton, Lady, and Miss Simmons dined with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 23rd the Prince of Wales and Prince George took leave of the Queen before leaving for London.

The Prince of Wales, who has been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, at Mar Lodge, went out deer-shooting on Sept. 18 in the Glenquoich Division of Mar Forest, and brought down a splendid stag. The Prince has been much benefited by his Braemar visit, and the lameness in his leg has all but disappeared. Accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Lord Cadogan, the Prince was deerstalking in Ballochbuie Forest, on the Balmoral estate, on the 21st, and brought down three splendid stags to his own gun, while the other members of the party killed three. In the evening a torchlight dance took place in front of Balmoral Castle. On the 23rd, the Prince, accompanied by Prince George, left Mar Lodge, and, after driving to Ballater, travelled to Aberdeen by the Queen's Messenger train. Their Royal Highnesses left for the South by the Caledonian train at twenty minutes to five, and arrived at Marlborough House next morning. His Royal Highness, with Prince Albert Victor, leaves London for Copenhagen, on a visit to the King and Queen of Denmark, with whom the Princess and her daughters are staying. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family, will travel direct from Copenhagen to Athens, for the purpose of being present at the marriage of the Crown Prince of Greece to the daughter of the Empress Frederick of Germany. Prince George of Wales has assumed his new duties as Lieutenant on board the Royal yacht Osborne.

The Duke of Edinburgh left London on Sept. 23 for Coburg to join his family. He will remain on the Continent for some time. The Duchess left the Imperial Castle of Gatchina on the 22nd, on her departure from Russia.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

The Oxford University extension movement has reached such a stage as to demand the issue of a periodical circular or journal to chronicle its operations. The second of these circulars is before us, and further issues will be made at intervals during the year. From this we learn of the marked success of the second summer meeting at Oxford in August. So marked has this success been that an address to the university has been prepared and already signed by nearly 600 extension students, who express their cordial thanks to all engaged in the enterprise, and the sense of the high educational value of the lectures. "The meeting," it is stated, "will tend to increase the already large number of local centres of university extension teaching; and it has given to those who have attended it a sense of union with the university which will strengthen the hold of the university on the country. We trust that a similar meeting may be arranged for 1890, and that a short period of residence may become a permanent part of University extension education." This movement (the *Times* remarks) has become so widespread and beneficial that it is not to be wondered at that its organisers claim to have quite as much assistance from the Government as the provincial University colleges. They rightly maintain that every lecture centre is really a local college; University influences are brought to bear on large classes which the colleges in the great towns do not reach. The necessity has been felt for attaching permanently to the scheme two or three of the best men, and these are to be retained as senior lecturers, with an addition to their emoluments which will make their salary a fairly decent income. This requires additional funds, and an association has been formed for raising these funds, and already considerable subscriptions have been received. Other handsome subscriptions have been received for scholarships to enable poor students to attend the next summer meeting.

Mr. H. Barber, Q.C., has accepted the county court judgeship of the Derbyshire circuit, vacant by the resignation of Judge W. F. Woodforde, of Cranford.

The atmospherical conditions on the morning of Sept. 20 were favourable for observation of the planets Mars and Saturn, which were then apparently closer to each other than they had been for about six thousand years.

Foyne's Harbour, county Limerick, situate on the Shannon, and twenty miles nearer the sea than Limerick port and harbour, has been handed over by the Board of Works to the control of a local body, at the head of which is Lord Monteagle. The Board of Works have forwarded £1000 to aid in developing the harbour traffic.

The present academical year of the Royal Academy of Music began on Sept. 23 with a large accession of new pupils. During the recess a considerable sum of money has been spent in improving the building at Tenterden-street. The library, to which important additions have been made, has been removed into larger and more convenient quarters.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

The very diminutive sovereign principality of Monaco, which was placed under French administration, in the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, by an arrangement between Prince Florestan I. and the Emperor Napoleon III., comprises a territory of eight square miles on the Riviera, including the



THE NEW PRINCE OF MONACO, ALBERT I.

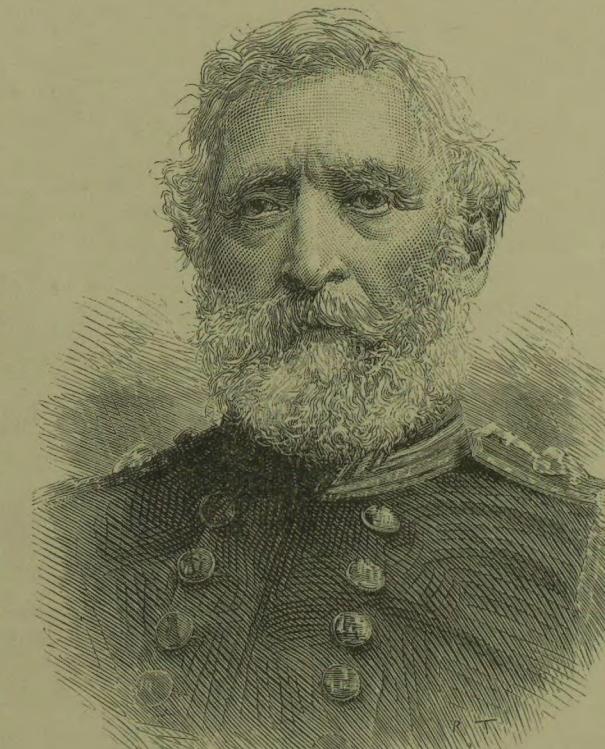
old town and castle of Monaco, the famous hotel and casino of Monte Carlo, and the village of Condamine; the native population being seven or eight thousand.

His Highness Charles III. (Honoré), Sovereign Prince of Monaco, Duc de Valentinois, Marquis de Baux, Comte de Carladez, Duc d'Estoueville, Duc de Mazarin, and holder of a great number of other titles, died on Sept. 10, at the Château Marchais, near Laon, in France. The late Prince had for some years been blind, and lived in retirement. He is succeeded by his son, Albert Honoré Charles, who was born in 1848, and married in 1869 Lady Mary Victoria Hamilton, daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Hamilton; but this marriage was annulled by the Pope, and was declared dissolved by the late Prince in 1880.

The Portrait of Prince Albert I. is from a photograph by Eugène Pirou, of Paris.

THE LATE ADMIRAL OLIVER, R.N.

This veteran retired officer of the Royal Navy, who died a week or two since at the age of seventy-seven, was Admiral R. Aldworth Oliver, a son of Admiral Robert Dudley Oliver; he long served with gallantry and distinction in the Mediterranean, the East and West Indies, Australia, and the Baltic, and had medals for Navarino, Syria, and the Baltic. After



THE LATE ADMIRAL R. A. OLIVER, R.N.

retiring from the naval service, he resided in London, and took a leading part in the local concerns of the borough of Marylebone, both as a member of the vestry and as a guardian of the poor.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Ashdown, St. John's Wood.

The Registrar-General reports that 2344 births and 1267 deaths were registered in London in the week ending Sept. 21. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 146, and the deaths as many, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from measles, 25 from scarlet fever, 44 from diphtheria, 26 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, 73 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from choleraic diarrhoea; and not one either from typhus or small-pox.

CHINESE PRAYING FESTIVAL AT PENANG.

On Aug. 15, 1889 (nineteenth day of the seventh moon), being the "Praying-day," the festival of the Samayan Pintu was held, in accordance with Chinese custom.

A long row of tables was placed on the public road, just outside the "godowns" (shops or business premises) of the principal Chinese Tokays, who keep joss-tables in their houses of business.

The whole of the way down the chief street was lined with these tables, giving the appearance of a continuous fruit-market. The joss-tables are arranged at one end, and back from these were ordinary long tables measuring some 50 ft.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, viands of all kinds were arranged on these. At the head, where the joss-tables are set, is placed the joss-picture in a frame, flanked by a body-guard of flowers in vases and bowls containing gold and silver fish. In the front of the joss you see a brazen bowl, in which incense is burnt; two very large white lighted tapers, about 3 ft. high, and like altar lights; and two thinner red candles about the same height as the others. Vases containing cocoa-nut oil are also lighted, together with joss-sticks. In the Japanese shops in England one sees long thin wooden-looking tapers, and is informed that they are for scenting a room. But they are really the joss-sticks (or imitations), and these are lighted, morning and evening, as an offering by the Chinaman to his joss.

Behind the joss-tables are placed meats of all kinds; and on the occasion now referred to I took particular notice of the *piece de résistance*—a pig of immense size, laid flat, and cut so as to resemble a huge turtle. This was flanked by smaller dishes, and two raised red baskets, one containing fish and the other very large fowls, of which latter there must have been at least fifty, large dishes of crabs and prawns, and two small glazed sucking-pigs. Farther down, the tables were laid as if for guests—about twenty plates on each side, each plate containing some tastily prepared food, chopsticks at sides of the plates, also teapots, cups of tea, and glasses of liqueur. Between these two rows of plates were piled polonies and other eatables. The next part of this table was devoted to cakes and sweets of various fantastic shapes and colours—made, probably, of cocoanut and rice. Two china bowls contained what appeared to be a soufflé; but the Chinese sweets are, as a rule, tasteless, excepting that they are smothered in sugar.

The spongecakes are, however, very nice; and also, when fresh, a thin, crisp, rolled sort of wafer, which they call "love cakes." These sweets were most probably made by the wives of the rich Tokays, who were exhibiting this feast, and of whom three or four families generally live together—the married children, and their children, of the owner of the house—attached to his "godown."

It may here be mentioned that the Chinese ladies are very fond of making sweets, which are hawked about the town by coolies; and a good deal of pocket or pin money is thus acquired by the wives and daughters of wealthy "Babas"—a "Baba" being a Straits-born Chinaman.

Beyond the cakes we came to the last portion of the table, groaning under fruits of various kinds—manjotines, rambantans, dorien, mango, jack-fruit, bananas, pines, &c.; and at the end of the table were four high pedestals or pyramids, one of white cakes, another of little packets of prepared rice, wrapped in green plantain-leaves; a third of yellow bananas, and the last of the pretty, ragged-looking red rambantans or rambustines. These four pyramids were surmounted by flags. Flags of coloured paper were also distributed over the table, among, and stuck into the different things. Lighted joss-sticks were also placed about, in the meats and dishes, and were from time to time replaced by freshly lighted ones.

Beyond the joss end of the table was placed a barrier so as to leave a clear space for the padres, who, when everything was ready, appeared upon the scene. These priests wore clean-shaved heads and faces, and were attired in loose yellow garments and ordinary Chinese shoes. The principal priest had a white lappet, or collar, to his attire, and always stood facing the joss. The other two priests stood at right angles to him. At first only two took part in the religious portion of the ceremony, one of the first acts of which was that one of the elder members of the family had to make his obeisance to the joss by lighting the joss-sticks and elevating and waving them solemnly before the joss, and bowing three times.

This over was the signal for the young Chinese boys of the family to make frantic rushes to get the paper flags from the table and retire with them, seemingly as much elated as our own village children with the successful result of a scramble for nuts, pence, or such attractions. Whether this was part of the ceremony, or an innovation caused by the exuberant spirits of the young gentlemen, it is not quite clear. It did not, however, disturb the demeanour of the priests. They continued their devotions for the family, chanting (presumably) a sort of litany all the time, to the accompaniment of a small hand-table-bell, held and rung by the chief padre, and a kind of tom-tom, played by the second.

After various bendings of the head by the chief priest, he blesses a liquid in a porcelain bowl. The process of blessing (if such it was) was by placing his finger on the rim of the bowl, and working it round and round as if he were displaying his talent on a musical glass. The instrumental music suddenly ceases; and, standing still, the chief priest lavishly diffuses the sanctified element on the family and standers by sprinkling them with the aid of a piece of plantain-leaf.

He then makes a frantic rush, bell in hand, round the table, sprinkling the viands in the same reckless manner, totally regardless that it was holy and not common water. And only once did he stop, to snatch up a particular kind of cake, and, in a manner curious to behold, slip it into his sleeve as if he did not wish to be seen, and was afraid of being taken up for thieving or anxious not to be considered a kleptomaniac. After this a third priest came forward and assisted in the chanting, his musical instrument being a sort of small wooden gong. The bell was kept ringing all the time. The cake was then produced from the priest's sleeve, broken in pieces and flung north, south, east, and west among the spectators, the priest remaining in the one position the whole time. After this, a short pause is made, and the chant seems to change tune. Four bows are made to the joss at short intervals, and the ceremony is over. The priests, having prayed for the family, hurry off to do the same for inmates of other houses. A considerable quantity of paper is then burnt, in memory of the souls of the departed.

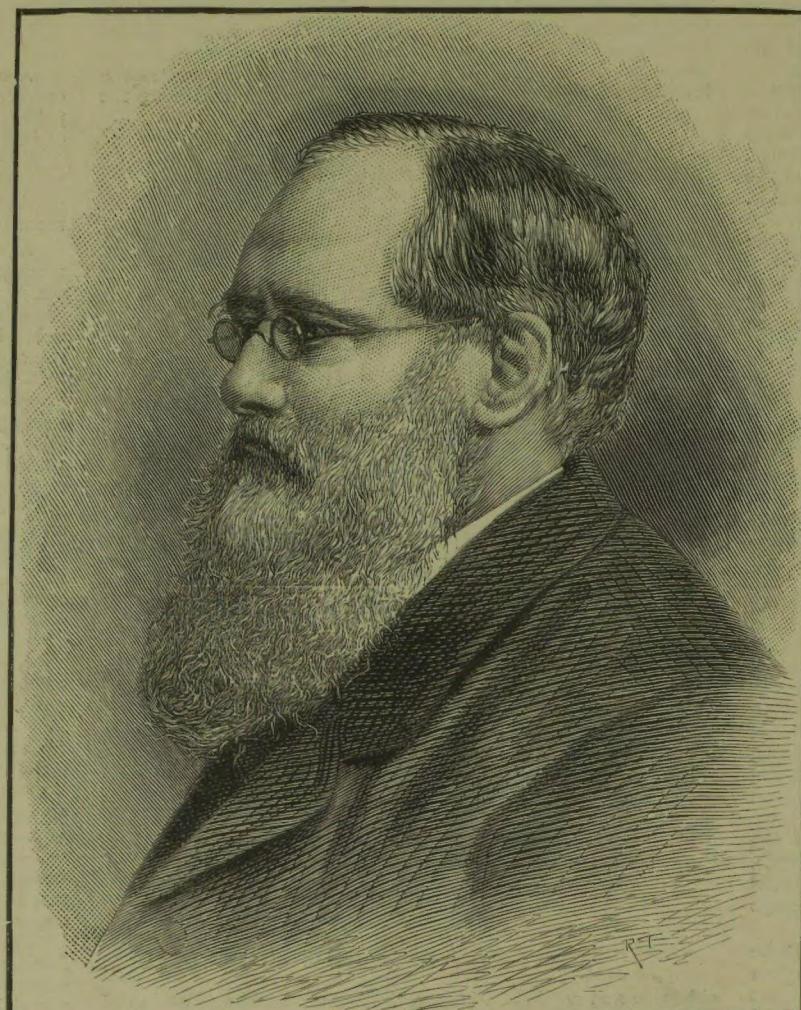
During the ceremony the women of the family, with the exception of a few small children, are not visible—only the men seem to require this form of praying, absolution, exhortation, or whatever it may be, on the part of the padre, once a year.

The viands remain on view for about an hour, after which a portion is distributed among the relations and friends in the town; and numerous coolies are to be seen running from house to house with large brass or wooden trays on their heads piled with fruit and food, and depositing them at houses where no such ceremony has taken place.—E. C. H., Penang.

THE LATE MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

We regret to announce the death, on Monday, Sept. 23, at his house in Wimpole-street, of this popular novelist, whose last work, the story entitled "Blind Love," was written for the *Illustrated London News*, and is now in course of publication in the pages of our Journal. Mr. Wilkie Collins had been ill and confined to the house for several months, having suffered a stroke of paralysis: he was sixty-five years of age.

He was born in 1824, in London, the eldest son of William Collins, R.A., his mother being Miss Geddes, and a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, the portrait-painter. He was educated first at a school in Highbury, and afterwards abroad, where he acquired a knowledge of French and Italian. On his return to England his father was somewhat at a loss with regard to his future prospects. At last, Mr. Antrobus, one of Collins's patrons, offered to take the youth into his tea warehouse in the city. The offer was accepted, and it was while engaged in this very uncongenial occupation Wilkie secretly wrote "Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome," with which his father was so much pleased that he permitted him to abandon business and choose his own career. At first he thought of combining literature and art, and exhibited two landscapes in the Royal Academy, which showed some promise. But he soon found the two pursuits incompatible, and relinquished the pencil for the pen. After his father's death he wrote his biography in two volumes, and in 1850 published his first novel, "Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome," a book inspired by his residence in Italy. Then followed some tales of less importance, and one, "Basil: a Story of Modern Life" (1852), which had most success among the early works of the writer. Soon after this Mr. Collins became personally acquainted with Charles Dickens, began to contribute to *Household Words*, and wrote in that magazine "After Dark" (1856), "The Dead Secret" (1857), and "The Queen of Hearts" (1859); but his great success was achieved in 1860 by the publication of that striking story, "The Woman in White." This book had first appeared in *All the Year Round*, and in it Wilkie Collins had shown extraordinary skill as a writer of exciting fiction. "The Woman in White" became immensely popular; it was followed in 1862 by "No Name," and this in 1866 by "Armadale," in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "The Moonstone," in 1868, was an improvement on the two last, and is still thought by many people his best work. Among his other novels are "Man and Wife," "The New Magdalen," "Heart and Science," "I Say No," "A Legacy of Cain," and "The Law and the Lady." Besides other works of fiction, he was the author of a collection of short stories, which appeared under the title of "The Queen of Hearts," and a volume of Miscellanies in 1863. He also wrote "The Lighthouse" and other plays, which were performed on the stage; and some of his stories have been dramatised for the London theatres. "The Frozen Deep" was a dramatic piece written in 1856, and acted at Dickens's house, at the Gallery of Illustration before the Queen, and again in Manchester. Dickens himself taking a



THE LATE MR. WILKIE COLLINS, NOVELIST.

leading part in it. Of Mr. Collins's other plays that have been performed in public we may mention, besides "The Frozen Deep" (1857), "The Moonstone" (1877), "Rank and Riches," which failed, in 1883, though it succeeded well in America, "The New Magdalen," "The Woman in White," and "Man and Wife," the last of which was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham-street.

The peculiar talent of Wilkie Collins, as a novelist, was that of devising and conducting a plot in which some concealed action of wicked intrigue or conspiracy was gradually developed, presenting a complex problem of circumstantial evidence, so as to excite the curiosity of his readers,

much in the same way as by the examination of different witnesses, the cross-examination, and the finding of a verdict, in a prolonged criminal trial. His most remarkably successful conceptions of individual characters were those of masterly conspirators, impostors, spies, and traitors, like the marvellous Count Fosco of "The Woman in White"; there is always a social or domestic mystery, a villainous secret, an elaborate scheme of fraud and trickery, to be discovered in the course of the story; and few English writers of fiction have managed similar business with more powerful effect. As he was, upon some occasions, associated with Dickens in literary composition, especially in the later years of the great author's life, it seems not unlikely that the suggestions and influence of Wilkie Collins may partly account for the more intense strain of plotting contrivance, with greater use of such expedients as disguises, false personation, and sustained artifices of deception, in "Our Mutual Friend" and subsequent productions of Dickens.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.

Accounts were given of the collision in the middle of the Irish Channel, on the night of Sept. 12, between the London and North-Western Railway Company's passenger-steamer Banshee, plying from Dublin to Holyhead, and the cargo-boat Irene, belonging to the same company, from Holyhead to Greenore. There was a dense fog; the Irene's sharp prow struck the Banshee's port paddle-box with a frightful crash, shaving it off as cleanly as a knife, taking three-fourths of the paddle-wheel with it, and carrying it off on her stem into the fog again. The Banshee did not founder, the sea being very smooth, but a huge hole could be seen right through her bulwarks on to her decks. She was laden with cattle, and carried a few passengers. The boats were promptly manned and lowered, but happily their services were not required. The officers of both steamers held a conference, and it was resolved that the Irene should escort her consort into Holyhead, thirty miles distant. One paddle-wheel only was available, and her rate of speed was not more than six miles an hour. The Irene kept close alongside until Holyhead was reached, five hours overdue. The passengers speak in high terms of the conduct of the captains and officers of both steamers, but for which there would have been an appalling calamity, for the Banshee had nearly 500 passengers on board.

The Ladies Lindsay have placed a stained-glass window in the Lindsay Chapel of Wigan Church, as a memorial of their father, the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

The Siamese Minister has returned to England from the Continent, where he has been visiting the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, Copenhagen and Stockholm, accompanying the Special Mission of Prince Sanitwongse of Siam. The party have received several decorations during their travels.



COLLISION IN THE IRISH CHANNEL BETWEEN THE IRENE AND THE BANSHEE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER ON BOARD THE IRENE.



A YOUNG SHRIMPER.—DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.

"FOR THE LOVE OF LAUGHTER."

The man who cannot laugh is, as Carlyle (adapting Shakspeare) remarks, "fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils: let no such man be trusted." The world's great criminals have always been men who did not laugh. Who ever heard of Attila or Genghis Khan or Timour the Tartar as laughing? Did ever a genial smile light up Napoleon's impulsive countenance? Cæsar Borgia, Pope Alexander II., Louis XI.—can anyone believe that their puckered brows and scowling lips were at any time relieved by a burst of honest laughter? Though a loud laugh, according to the cynics, bespeaks an empty brain—"a vacant mind," as Goldsmith, who must surely have shook with laughter while he dreamt of Tony Lumpkin and his carouse at the Three Pigeons, or of Moses purchasing his gross of green spectacles at the fair (Heavens, what a parenthesis!), neatly expresses it, hearty sympathetic laughter—not, of course, the empty grin and obstreperous chuckle of rustic ignorance (another parenthesis!)—is really the outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible grace of urbanity. If you come to think of it, your enjoyment of life really depends upon your capacity for laughter; that is, on your readiness to detect the incongruous, the unexpected, the humorous side of things—to look into the world's shams and hypocrisies with kindly eyes which are amused even while they criticise. If Nature, Fortune, Circumstance—whatever you choose to call it—seems often to be laughing at your expense, be wise enough to take your share of the merriment. Thank goodness there is always something to laugh at in this "wide, wide world": if everything else fail you, you can laugh at yourself. But what can be more laughable than the figure of the man who goes through life with a pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, bemoaning his ill luck, protesting that he is the victim of destiny, and swearing, like Graves in Lord Lytton's "Money," that if he had been bred a hatter little boys would have come into the world without heads?

To such a man the wide region of the ridiculous is inaccessible, the comic aspects of humanity are lost. To such a man (Heaven pity him!) Falstaff seems "a buffoon," and Pantagruel "an absurdity." He pronounces "Pickwick" exaggerated, and wonders why the dence you rock yourself to and fro over the pages of "Tristram Shandy." Wretched man! Clothe him in sackcloth and ashes, and send him to seek what consolation he can in the last burlesque, the last bluebook, the last "wheeze" of the "lion comique," or the latest *bon mot* bandied between Bench and Bar. How shall he appreciate honest humour or the fine savour of true wit? What to him are Dogberry and Verges, or Falstaff and his merry men, or Mr. Justice Shallow and cousin Slender? What to him are the amenities of Parson Adams, or the drolleries of Bob Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger? How shall he find pleasure in M. Jourdain, who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, or in the fooling of Sganarelle, or the affectations of *les Précieuses Ridicules*? Of what value to him are the jests of Hood, or the witticisms of Douglas Jerrold? I can fancy such a man reading "Crotchet Castle" without a smile, and putting down "Alice in Wonderland" with the sour growl that there is nothing in it. I once met an individual who could not be moved to risibility by the immortal "Essay on Roast Pig." "You know," said he, "it can't be true!" Oh, the misery of being cursed with a matter-of-fact mind! Of what good are these unfortunates to themselves or to their fellows? They neither invent nor create; and, what is worse, cannot enjoy the inventions and creations of genius, unless they first measure them with a yard rule or demonstrate them to be in accordance with the axioms of Euclid. What is the use of sunshine to creatures that creep in the shade? What is the value of quip and quiddity, of joke and jest, to those bear-eyed Democracies who limp through the world unconscious of its cheerier, sunnier aspects?

Observe, a man may sneer or snicker, and a woman, simper; but that is not laughter. It is not enough to "sniff and titter and sniggle from your throat outwards"—there must be a general relaxation of the muscles; a broad lambent light must spread over the wrinkling countenance; a gleam of conscious mirth must come from the shining eyes; a score of pleasant curves must elongate about the parted lips; there must be a backward pose of the head and a convulsive movement of the ribs; and then—a musical peal of *ha, ha, ha's*, a reiteration of melodious guffaws. That is the kind of laughter which makes a man healthy and wise, because it calls into play all the best qualities of his nature; so that as father, son, husband, brother, ratepayer, and parliamentary elector—in all his relations, domestic or social, public or private—he never fails to command respect or secure affection. Instead of carving on the monumental stone those monotonous legends about "An affectionate husband," "Devoted father," "Beloved by all who knew him," &c., I would simply write—"Here lies a man who knew when, where, and how to laugh!" What higher or more comprehensive eulogy, friend and reader, could you or I or anyone desire? The passer-by, glancing at the admirable record, would sigh or laugh to think that such men—such *hommes*—were so few! Literature, in my humble opinion, presents to us no nobler character than Samuel Johnson: and why? Because he was a hearty laugher. I am charmed to recall that evening at the Temple when, after dining with his friend Chambers, a subject was broached which appealed to his sense of humour; and he took it up, and wrested the fun out of it, until he roared with laughter—roaring himself out of his host's apartment—rolling in convulsions until he passed through Temple Gate—and then supporting himself against a post, while with Homeric peals, which resounded from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch, he woke the echoes of the night. A man who could laugh like that must have had in him an infinite fund of goodness—as, indeed, he had.

Those admirable manuals about Getting On, Self-Help, and the like, which it is our praiseworthy habit to put into the hands of our sons and nephews, lay down the most sensible and satisfactory rules for a proper division of time—so many hours for study or business, so many hours for meals, for exercise, for sleep. But, unfortunately, they never allow an interval for laughter, though even the melancholy Ecclesiastes, while throwing dust on his head and groaning that all is vanity, allows that there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep. Now, I am so convinced of its hygienic value ("Laugh and be well," says the poet of the Spleen) that I would fain have it put on the same footing as the morning tub, and insist that everybody should daily devote, say, half an hour to sound, wholesome laughter. I have read somewhere that "it promotes digestion, stimulates the circulation, and invigorates the vital powers"; and, when Dr. Robson Roose or Dr. Yeo next writes on the best means of lengthening life, I hope he will include it among the most precious therapeutic agents. Its tonic and peptic properties are, at all events, beyond dispute, and many a poor wretch ailing in his stomach or his liver—or in both—would derive more benefit from thirty minutes of gracious laughter thrice a day than from any number of doses of taraxacum, podophyllin, or cascara sagrada! Healthy children, as everybody knows, are laughing children: and there is so subtle a quickness of perception about them that they detect the ludicrous where the dull eyes of toil-worn manhood "see nothing to laugh at." I

have known them go into raptures over the sight of a blue-bottle creeping up the shining table-land of the dominie's bald head, and break into loud cacklings, even in church, and under the vicar's spectacles, when Farmer Giles's snores punctuated the drowsy periods of the soporific sermon. I have a keen sympathy with Tommy Traddles, who, as the reader of "David Copperfield" will recollect, was always being caned, and always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. No wonder that Tommy grew up pale and robust, and prospered, and married the girl he loved, and lived happy ever afterwards! Heaven always rains blessings on the good laugher! There are few more delightful scenes in English fiction than Copperfield's visit to Mr. Traddles's chambers in Gray's Inn, where he hears "a pleasant sound of laughter"—"not the laughter of an attorney or a barrister" (do such men ever laugh? a Queen's Counsel may, and a Judge, but no lawyer of lower grade), but "of two or three merry girls," who turn out to be Mrs. Traddles and her sisters. "Really musical, isn't it, my dear Copperfield?" says Traddles. "It is very agreeable to hear—it quite lights up these old rooms—it's positively delicious." Happy Traddles!

Addison acutely observes that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom—he might have added that Homer applies it to the sea—runs through all languages; which I have not observed, he says, of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. "This shows," he concludes, "that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful." Homer represents his Olympian deities as condescending to laugh; and with a splendid suggestiveness the Greek poets called Aphrodite, their goddess of beauty, Philomeides, or "laughter-loving." Into the train of the goddess fair and free, in heaven yclept Euphrosyne, Milton introduces "Laughter, holding both his sides." The laughers, therefore, are in the best of company. We English are a laughing nation, as Mr. Palgrave says the Arabs are; and as a sunbeam floats down a brook, so does a bright ripple of laughter run through all our literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson, from Shakespeare to Sheridan, from Fielding to Dickens, from Howell to Charles Lamb, and so on to Peacock, Hood, Lewis Carroll, Austin Dobson, Gilbert, and Burnand—to the last-named of whom we owe not a few "happy thoughts" and shaking sides. These men have all rejoiced in that frank and manly laughter which is a sign of sanity and sincerity. There is a story told of Canning and Henry Brougham that, after railing at each other with unusual acridity for a whole session, they came in contact somewhere in Cumberland, during the vacation, with nothing between them but a turnpike-gate, and, struck by the ludicrousness of the situation, burst into hearty laughter, shook hands, and became capital friends. This was "quite English, you know." A couple of French politicians would have glowered at each other, turned their backs, and strutted off in different directions. Our English worthies mount the scaffold with a playful smile on their lips. "See me safe up," said Sir Thomas More to Kingston, as he placed his foot on the shaking ladder, "for my coming down I can shift for myself"; and Raleigh, when the cup of sack was brought to him and he was asked if 'twere to his liking, "I will answer you," he replied, "as did the fellow who drank of St. Giles' bowl as he went to Tyburn: 'It is good drink if a man might stay by it!'" Our statesmen go out of office with a chuckle on their lips. When Lord North anticipated a vote of censure by suddenly announcing the resignation of himself and his colleagues, the members, expecting a long debate, had dismissed their carriages, and only Lord North's was ready. "Hah, hah!" said he, with a twinkle in the eyes as he made his way through the hostile crowd, "you see, gentlemen, the advantage of being in the secret."

No doubt there are times and places when and where laughter would argue want of sense or want of heart. One would not laugh, for instance, at wrong done to the purity of woman or the honour of man; at injustice, cruelty, or fraud; at the oppression of the feeble, at the affliction of the poor, at the profanation of sacred names and things. But over the ostentation of wealth, over the vapouring of vanity, over the tricks played by small men thrust into big offices, over the cynicism of the pessimist, and the petty hypocrites and pretensions of society, over the airs of funkeyism, the shams of party politicians, the cant of Philistinism, the hobbies of our neighbours and the follies of ourselves, it is healthy and good to make merry. Whether we laugh as much as our ancestors laughed is, I fear, very doubtful: we take life too seriously, and addle our brains over too many insoluble problems. And therefore I venture to put in this plea "for the love of laughter"—believing that there is wisdom in it, health of mind and body, and a true humanity.—W. H. D.-A.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, three silver medals of the third class, which have been awarded to William Robins, master, George Kemp, mat', and Walter Moore, seaman, of the smack Our Boys, of Lowestoft, in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the brigantine Kong Kaare, of Stavanger, in the North Sea, on Nov. 6, 1888.

The London Young Women's Christian Association is again prepared with an attractive programme of evening classes for the coming winter. These classes are held at upwards of twenty institutes in all parts of London and the suburbs; and the subjects taught include bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, dress-cutting, cookery, ambulance, nursing, French, music, singing, &c. Certificates and seventy-two prizes are offered to successful candidates. Physical training and recreation, including gymnastics, calisthenics, musical and Swedish drill, are provided at two excellent gymnasiums in the City and West-End respectively. Classes to prepare candidates for the Civil Service are also held under an experienced tutor. A prospectus giving all information will be sent free on application to Mr. H. Kidner, 316, Regent-street, W.

The prospectus of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching for the coming term shows a steady increase in the number of centres at which courses of lectures have been arranged. In 1879, after the movement had been established in London three years, the number of courses given at thirteen centres during the Michaelmas Term of that year was twenty-six; while for the coming term the number of centres has already reached thirty-six, at which forty-four courses will be given; and it is likely that several other centres will be added to the list before the work of the session actually begins. Among the subjects of the courses, which vary considerably, are some of a very attractive character, such as Leaders in Elizabethan Literature at Gresham College, Personal and Social Hygiene, the History of the Map of Modern Europe, Electricity in the Service of Man, and the Chemistry of Common Life. The average charge for a course of ten lectures appears to be five shillings, but at certain centres it is higher, and at others lower, than this sum. The office of the society is at the Charterhouse, E.C.

THE LAND OF TYRCONNELL.

For wild coast scenery nothing can surpass the county of Donegal, occupying the north-west of Ireland. The principal centre of attraction in this vast region of moor, lake, and river is the flourishing town of Bundoran, the only watering-place to which the inhabitants of Enniskillen, Omagh, and Tyrone resort during the summer months. This town, little better than a village, has two good hotels and several houses let for bathing purposes during the season. The rent of those houses taken by the year is very moderate. The bathing here is excellent, as the water is strong and invigorating. There is little or no sand in the place, but it is full of pleasant little coves, where sea anemones grow in great profusion. There are several natural baths where a "header" may be taken, at all times of the day, without wading into the water. The sea has worn and gnawed the cliffs into the most grotesque forms of beauty; long narrow inlets find their way into gloomy mysterious chambers ornamented with stalactite forms resembling the fleeces of colossal sheep hung up to dry. The dripping of the water containing carbonate of lime assumes many weird unnatural shapes which convey a vague sense of fear and foster superstition. The stillness is only broken by the soft splash of the waves and the gentle cooing of the rock-pigeons, which flash by when disturbed like feathered fragments of a rainbow. Since the business of smuggling has been suspended perfect solitude reigns in those caves.

The view from the cliffs is very fine, the clearness of the Irish atmosphere rendering vivid the most distant objects. St. John's Point, Inver, and the cliffs of Teelin, though miles distant, seem close at hand. The drives in this neighbourhood for twenty miles round are full of interest. As far as the eye can reach stretches a line of barren heath, ascending in the distance to a lofty range of mountains which traverse the whole plain to Sligo. High peaks crop up at intervals, in naked grandeur, frowning like gloomy sentinels over the vast plain of the Atlantic, with its silver fringe shining white on the dark granite cliffs. Some of those peaks have a wistful beauty which chimes in with the sad music and painful memories of the country, especially Ben Bulben, seen from a great distance, and ornamented with a natural crown on its front, on which the sun's rays from behind the clouds pour down a sheet of gold. Like Hawthorne's story of the "great stone face," this remarkable headland grows on one and fascinates the observer. I have seen it in all weathers and all seasons, and have only to close my eyes to see it again: it will never leave my heart. From this point a splendid view may be had of the Ox Mountains, along the western verge of Mayo, rising into the high range of the Curlew Hills on the borders of Roscommon.

The torrents of rain attracted by these lofty mountains invariably result in the formation of exquisite lakes gemmed with verdure and innumerable streams, with many a natural cascade of great beauty. Lough Calt, in the Ox Mountains, is surrounded with cliffs a mile long and half a mile wide. Lough Gill, near Sligo is nine miles long and three broad: it is studded with islands, richly wooded, a little fairy scene of unsurpassed beauty. Lough Gara is equally picturesque, irregular and full of islands. Within a few miles of Bundoran is the pretty village of Garrison, dozing under the shadow of those mighty hills, while close to it is Lough Melvin, a stretch of water about seven miles long and a mile and a half wide. This lake is full of little islets. On one is to be found the Monastery of St. Tigernach, founded about the seventh or eighth century. As the past of England may be gathered from her fine old castles, the piety of Ireland may be inferred from her rude old monasteries and monkish dwellings, planted in the most inaccessible parts. In the early days Ireland was covered with forests: the clearing in the north only began with the plantation of Ulster. The seclusion in those monasteries must have been perfect.

The whole of Donegal belonged to the sept of the O'Donnells, one of the most powerful and warlike tribes of the north. "O'Donnell Aboo," the war-song of this tribe, is remarkable for its suppressed power and vivifying force, resembling the martial strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." As late as the sixteenth century the Red Hugh O'Donnell was shut up by the English in Ballyshannon; but by a desperate charge he forced his way out, and drove the English back over the Erne. The O'Donnells were a race of soldiers, and when driven like rats from their own country found a welcome in the armies of Spain, France, and Austria. At a tournament before the English and French Kings an O'Donnell entered the list. At the first course both man and horse went down before his opponent, making the English Sovereign swear, "By God's tooth he is a King indeed who has such a soldier in his train!" These were sturdy days, when courage was not wanting. We need only instance Edward I.'s angry jest when Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, refused to serve in the French wars—"By God, Sir Earl, you will go or hang!" To which Bigod answered, "By God, Sir King, I shall neither go nor hang!"

The O'Donnell was created Earl of Tyrconnell by Elizabeth; but this was a sop which preceded his ruin. Inch by inch the family was plundered of all its broad acres, and the last of those proud fighting chiefs found a resting-place, not among the green hills of Ireland which he loved, but in a foreign land.

Near Ballyshannon is the famous abbey of Asheroa, founded by the O'Donnells. In this old edifice was compiled a record of priceless value. It was a history of Ireland running back to the year of the world 2240, covering a space of 4500 years of the nation's life. The "Annals of the Four Masters" is more ancient than the "Book of Kells," the "Durrow Bible," or the "Lindisfarne Gospels"; it is well known to Continental scholars; the Irish people are, perhaps, those least acquainted with their national history, owing entirely to the defective system of education established in Ireland since its union with England.

Ballyshannon still flourishes as a market-town, a great resort of English sportsmen, who visit it annually for fishing. During the season, from this little place, over three tons of salmon a week are exported to the London market. I remember an old sportsman who used to eat his plate of porridge on the battlement of the bridge which spans the river, a boy holding his rod while he enjoyed his frugal repast. North of the town are the sloping banks of the beautiful Erne, embowered in trees; and, standing on a rocky elevation, is the village of Beleek, famous for its exquisite pottery, known in every capital in Europe. There are some fine seats in the neighbourhood, but Poverty has stamped her iron hand on all the villages and hamlets; the population is every year drifting to America from want of employment. The pernicious policy of recommending emigration is stripping the country yearly of its brave, hardy sons—their best wealth. Our rulers will wake up some day and learn their mistake. If properly cultivated Ireland could support fifteen millions. The population is now less than five. J. B. D.

To celebrate the anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops after the fall of the French Empire, the Italians in London dined at the Freemasons' Tavern on Sept. 20.

A HEDGEROW SPORTSMAN.

The falling leaves never fail to remind me of the sporting expeditions which years ago I used to make along the hedgerows of North Buckinghamshire. Without further preamble I may as well confess that my weapon was nothing more imposing than a catapult, while the small wild birds which abound in that neighbourhood formed my quarry. In making this statement I know that I am laying myself open to a large amount of ridicule. It is deeply rooted in the minds of most people that the only English form of bird-shooting to which the name of "sport" may be applied is the familiar pursuit of grouse, partridges, and pheasants, with a day at the rooks or in a duck-punt thrown in; while the mention of a catapult—the instrument of mischievous boys—will, I fear, but serve to call up a smile of derision. Nevertheless I make bold to say that no more ardent sportsman than myself tramped turnip-field and stubble, or bowled over the pheasants at a warm corner. The outfit of the partridge-slayer was, no doubt, more pretentious than mine—and, be it noted, a thousand times more expensive—but his hammerless gun, with rebounding locks, his patent cartridges, and his thoroughbred dogs gave him no keener enjoyment than that obtained from my pieces of cunningly com-

lined wood and elastic, my pocket full of No. B shot, and my wiry little foxterrier, whose zest and excitement were fully equal to my own. In my heart of hearts I used to despise the gunners, though I have no doubt that a careful analysis of my feelings would have laid bare the fact that the noise they made was at the bottom of this sentiment. A right-and-left at a covey of partridges had a very disquieting effect upon all the small birds within hearing, and effectually spoilt my sport for the time being. But my proud consciousness of superior skill was, I believe, fully deserved.

There can be no doubt that it is far more difficult to hit a chaffinch on the topmost bough of a hedge with the single small shot which a catapult such as I used propels, than to pick off one of a covey of birds with the dozens of shots that a modern breechloader hurls forth. Few people who have not tried to shoot with a catapult can realise how difficult a thing it is to do well. There is not much difficulty in breaking a window or street-lamp, but when it comes to hitting the centre of a little body no bigger than a champagne-cork, which is constantly shifting its position, the matter takes a different aspect. Looked at from the point of view of the exercise afforded, I can safely say that I tramped as many miles in an afternoon as the most ardent partridge-shooter,

while my form of sport was infinitely superior to his so far as the incentive it gave to the study of nature was concerned. A covey of partridges makes its presence known in all too decided a manner for the nerves of many a tiro; but the small birds must be looked for. An unobservant eye would pass by dozens of them as they sit silent in the middle of a hedge, or would take them to be dead leaves or little patches of moss. As you walk swiftly along a hedgerow the eye must be well trained if it allows no chance to pass, and the ear must be no unobservant one if full advantage is to be taken of every opportunity. Believe me, there are few better methods of becoming acquainted with the denizens of our fields and hedges than catapult-shooting steadily pursued.

Let me try to give an idea of the weapon with which I went armed. Like a keen gunner, I had several, but, as in his case, there was one special favourite. Imagine a piece of ebony of about the length and width of your middle finger. A lit about the size and shape of the nail is cut out of it at one end, leaving two horns as thick as straws. To each of these a wisp of silken thread firmly binds a piece of square elastic six or seven inches long. A groove is cut round each of the horns, into which the silk sinks. The other ends of the elastic are united by a tiny strip of glove leather, to which each of



A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.

them is securely fastened. A quantity of B shot complete the armament, which is in appearance harmless enough. Many hundreds of little birds could, however, testify to the aggressive qualities of this fragile instrument were the Charon of the Hades to which the shades of little birds depart to let them recross his ferry for the purpose of bearing witness. At a distance of twenty yards a shot from the glove-leather pouch went clean through any bird smaller than a thrush, killing it instantaneously. It is hardly necessary to add that accuracy of aim depended a very great deal upon the catapult. A carelessly made one would defeat the object of the best shot who ever pulled elastic. The length of the strings must be equal to the fraction of a line, and they must be joined to both wood and pouch with exact similarity.

And now that I have described my weapon I may say a few words regarding the prey whose destruction I sought with its aid. In North Bucks, bullfinches and goldfinches, which are so scarce in many places, are quite common, and perhaps they were more keenly sought than other birds. I was a bit of a taxidermist, and the pleasure of stuffing fine specimens of these beautiful birds no doubt had a great deal to do with my partiality for them. Then there were chaffinches, almost as brilliant as bullfinches, and greenfinches, which are shyer than either of the others, and siskins and hedge-sparrows. The great army of tits are nobly represented in these Buckinghamshire hedges; blackbirds and thrushes abound, and sometimes a curious twittering little note tells you that a flight of goldcrests is flitting its way along the topmost branches. Their ceaseless movements

and diminutive size make these little birds very hard to hit; but they are worth getting, as nothing of the sort is prettier than a well-arranged group of them. The mistaken sentimentality which guards the pugnacious robin was, I suppose, responsible for the fact that I never aimed at one of these birds. Jenny Wren was also free from my shot; but I did my best to bring low every other member of the hedge community. The farmers in that part of the world have, or had, a way of allowing their hedges to attain a great height, and it is probably owing to this fact that they are so well populated.

But I am forgetting Jock, who lies at my side as I write. His legs are twitching in his sleep; no doubt, like his master, he is in fancy stepping along by the sweet-smelling hedges once again. Jock was the constant companion of my shooting expeditions, and a better-trained dog never accompanied sportsman. It was his business to scour the fields and rouse the birds feeding upon them, with the result that they flew to the hedge and offered a shot to me as I walked along it. Jock knew his work perfectly. However far away he was he hardly ever failed to recognise the "ping" with which a shot struck a bird, and he would always rush up to look at the victim, and, if need be, help me to find it in the recesses of the hedge. A miss never induced him to desert the open country—unless, indeed, the shot struck some soft piece of wood and produced a noise very like the one resulting from a hit. Jock was a most useful auxiliary: without his help my bags would never have been so big as they were.

My readers will no doubt have inferred that my victims were usually shot while sitting still. This may strike some as being an unsportsmanlike proceeding. If it does, I must ask them

to consider the fact that it is almost impossible with a single shot to hit a small bird while pursuing the wavy, erratic flight which most of them affect. I say "almost impossible" advisedly, for sometimes—perhaps on a dozen occasions in all—I have hit a bird flying. Most of these hits were made when the quarry was beating against a strong wind, and consequently almost motionless in the air. As a matter of fact, most of my kills were made while the birds were shifting about in the hedge, for the near presence of a human being who showed a close interest in their movements was in itself enough to prevent their sitting still. My favourite shots were at birds swinging on an upper bough, so placed that they were clearly silhouetted against the sky. The great obstacle in this hedge-shooting was to be found in the network of small branches among which the birds usually sat. Contact with one of these would turn my shot from its path and save the life of the bird aimed at. It was, I dare say, as much on account of the shelter afforded by the leaves as from any scruples of conscience that I forebore to commence my shooting season until autumn had set well in. A dozen birds was the number that I considered a good bag. A very successful day has seen me return home with as many as twenty; while absolutely blank days were, naturally, not unknown. No doubt if my father had been a wealthy landowner I should never have pursued this particular form of sport. The son of a country parson cannot, however, expect such expensive luxuries as gun and game license. I have never regretted that my partridge-shooting days were put off till later on in life, and at this moment I have a feeling that the sport of my boyhood produced keener enjoyment than that of my riper years.—A.S.

BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BRIDE AT HOME.

LEFT alone with the woman whose charm still held him to her, cruelly as she had tried his devotion by her marriage, Mountjoy found the fluent amiability of the husband imitated by the wife. She too, when the door had hardly closed on Lord Harry, was bent on persuading Hugh that her marriage had been the happiest event of her life.

"Will you think the worse of me?" she began, "if I own that I had little expectation

of seeing you again?" "Certainly not, Iris."

"Consider my situation," she went on. "When I remembered how you tried (oh, conscientiously tried!) to prevent my marriage—how you predicted the miserable results that would follow, if Harry's life and my life became one—could I venture to hope that you would come here, and judge for yourself? Dear and good friend, I have nothing to fear from the result; your presence was never more welcome to me than it is now!"

Whether it was attributable to prejudice on Mountjoy's part, or to keen and just observation, he detected something artificial in the ring of her enthusiasm; there was not the steady light of truth in her eyes, which he remembered in the past and better days of their companionship. He was a little—just a little—irritated. The temptation to remind her that his distrust of Lord Harry had once been her distrust too, proved to be more than his frailty could resist.

"Your memory is generally exact," he said; "but it hardly serves you now as well as usual."

"What have I forgotten?"

"You have forgotten the time, my dear, when your opinion was almost as strongly against a marriage with Lord Harry as mine."

Her answer was ready on the instant: "Ah, I didn't know him then as well as I know him now!"

Some men, in Mountjoy's position, might have been provoked into hinting that there were sides to her husband's character which she had probably not discovered yet. But Hugh's gentle temper—ruffled for a moment only—had recovered its serenity. Her friend was her true friend still; he said no more on the subject of her marriage.

"Old habits are not easily set aside," he reminded her. "I have been so long accustomed to advise you and help you, that I find myself hoping there may be some need for my services still. Is there no way in which I might relieve you of the hateful presence of Mr. Vimpany?"

"My dear Hugh, I wish you had not mentioned Mr. Vimpany."

Mountjoy concluded that the subject was disagreeable to her. "After the opinion of him which you expressed in your letter to me," he said, "I ought not to have spoken of the doctor. Pray forgive me."

Iris looked distressed. "Oh, you are quite mistaken! The poor doctor has been sadly misjudged; and I"—she shook her head, and sighed penitently—"and I," she resumed, "am one among other people who have ignorantly wronged him. Pray consult my husband. Hear what he can tell you—and you will pity Mr. Vimpany. The newspaper makes such large demands on our means that we can do little to help him. With your recommendation he might find some employment."

"He has already asked me to assist him, Iris; and I have refused. I can't agree with your change of opinion about Mr. Vimpany."

"Why not? Is it because he has separated from his wife?"

"That is one reason, among many others," Mountjoy replied.

"Indeed, indeed you are wrong! Lord Harry has known Mrs. Vimpany for years, and he says—I am truly sorry to hear it—that the separation is her fault."

Hugh changed the subject again. The purpose which had mainly induced him to leave England had not been mentioned yet.

Alluding to the newspaper, and to the heavy pecuniary demands made by the preliminary expenses of the new journal, he reminded Iris that their long and intimate friendship permitted him to feel some interest in her affairs. "I won't venture to express an opinion," he added; "let me only ask if Lord Harry's investments in this speculation have compelled him to make some use of your little fortune?"

"My husband refused to touch my fortune," Iris answered. "But"—She paused, there. "Do you know how honourably, how nobly, he has behaved?" she abruptly resumed. "He has insured his life; he has burdened himself with the payment of a large sum of money every year. And all for me, if I am so unfortunate (which God forbid!) as to survive him. When a large share in the newspaper was for sale, do you think I could be ungrateful enough to let him lose the chance of making our fortune, when the profits begin to come in? I insisted on advancing the money—we almost quarrelled about it—but, you know how sweet he is. I said: 'Don't

distress me'; and the dearest of men let me have my own way."

Mountjoy listened in silence. To have expressed what he felt, would have been only to mortify and offend Iris. Old habit (as he had said) had made the idea of devoting himself to her interests the uppermost idea in his mind. He asked if the money had all been spent. Hearing that some of it was still left, he resolved on making the attempt to secure the remains of her fortune to herself.

"Tell me," he said, "have you ever heard of such a thing as buying an annuity?"

She knew nothing about it. He carefully explained the method by which a moderate sum of money might be made to purchase a sufficient income for life. She offered no objection, when he proposed to write to his lawyer in London for the necessary particulars. But when he asked her to tell him what the sum was of which she might be still able to dispose, Iris hesitated, and made no reply.

This time, Hugh arrived at the right conclusion.

It was only too plain to him that what remained of her money represented an amount so trifling that she was ashamed to mention it. Of the need for helping her, there could be no doubt now; and, as for the means, no difficulties presented themselves to Mountjoy—always excepting the one obstacle likely to be offered by the woman herself. Experience warned him to approach her delicately, by the indirect way.

"You know me well enough," he said, "to feel sure that I am incapable of saying anything which can embarrass you, or cause a moment's misunderstanding between two old friends. Won't you look at me, Iris, when I am speaking to you?"

She still looked away from him. "I am afraid of what you are going to say to me," she answered coldly.

"Then let me say it at once. In one of your letters, written long since—I don't suppose you remember it—you told me that I was an obstinate man when I once took a thing into my head. You were quite right. My dear, I have taken it into my head that you will be as ready as ever to accept my advice, and will leave me (as your man of business) to buy the annuity!"

She stopped him.

"No," she cried, "I won't hear a word more! Do you think I am insensible to years of kindness that I have never deserved? Do you think I forget how nobly you have forgiven me for those cruel refusals which have saddened your life? Is it possible that you expect me to borrow money of You?" She started wildly to her feet. "I declare, as God hears me, I would rather die than take that base, that shameful advantage of all your goodness to me. The woman never lived who owed so much to a man, as I owe to you—but not money! Oh, my dear, not money! not money!"

He was too deeply touched to be able to speak to her—and she saw it. "What a wretch I am," she said to herself; "I have made his heart ache!"

He heard those words. Still feeling for her—never, never for himself!—he tried to soothe her. In the passion of her self-reproach, she refused to hear him. Pacing the room from end to end, she fanned the fiery emotion that was consuming her. Now, she reviled herself in language that broke through the restraints by which good breeding sets its seal on a woman's social rank. And now, again, she lost herself more miserably still, and yielded with hysterical recklessness to a bitter outburst of gaiety.

"If you wish to be married happily," she cried, "never be as fond of any other woman as you have been of me. We are none of us worth it. Laugh at us, Hugh—do anything but believe in us. We all lie, my friend. And I have been lying—shamelessly! shamelessly!"

He tried to check her. "Don't talk in that way, Iris," he said sternly.

She laughed at him. "Talk?" she repeated. "It isn't talk; it's a confession."

"I don't desire to hear your confession."

"You must hear it—you have drawn it out of me. Come! we'll enjoy my humiliation together. Contradict every word I said to you about that brute and blackguard, the doctor—and you will have the truth. What horrid inconsistency, isn't it? I can't help myself; I am a wretched, unreasonable creature; I don't know my own mind for two days together, and all through my husband—I am so fond of him! Harry is delightfully innocent; he's like a nice boy; he never seemed to think of Mr. Vimpany, till it was settled between them that the doctor was to come and stay here—and then he persuaded me—oh, I don't know how!—to see his friend in quite a new light. I believed him—and I believe him still—I mean I would believe him, but for you. Will you do me a favour? I wish you wouldn't look at me with those eyes that won't lie; I wish you wouldn't speak to me with that voice which finds things out. Oh, good Heavens, do you suppose I

would let you think that my husband is a bad man, and my marriage an unhappy one? Never! If it turns my blood to sit and eat at the same table with Mr. Vimpany, I'm not cruel enough to blame the dear doctor. It's my

wickedness that's to blame. We shall quarrel, if you tell me that Harry is capable of letting a rascal be his friend. I'm happy; I'm happy; I'm happy!—do you understand that? Oh, Hugh, I wish you had never come to see me!"

She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, broken down at last under the terrible strain laid on her. "Let me hide myself!" was all that Iris could say to her old friend—before she ran out of the room, and left him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MAID AND THE KEYHOLE.

Deeply as she had grieved him, keenly as he felt that his worst fears for her threatened already to be realised, it was characteristic of Mountjoy that he still refused to despair of Iris—even with the husband's influence against him.

The moral deterioration of her, revealed in the false words that she had spoken, and in the deceptions that she had attempted, would have justified the saddest misgivings, but for the voluntary confession which had followed, and the signs which it had shown of the better nature still struggling to assert itself. How could Hugh hope to encourage that effort of resistance to the evil influences that were threatening her—first and foremost, among them, being the arrival of Vimpany at the cottage. His presence kept her in a state of perpetual contention, between her own wise instincts which distrusted him, and her husband's authoritative assertions which recommended him to her confidence. No greater service could be rendered to Iris than the removal of this man—but how could it be accomplished, without giving offence to her husband? Mountjoy's mind was still in search of a means of overcoming the obstacle thus presented, when he heard the door open. Had Iris recovered herself? or had Lord Harry and his friend returned?

The person who now entered the room was the strange and silent maid, Fanny Mere.

"Can I speak to you, sir?"
"Certainly. What is it?"
"Please give me your address."
"For your mistress?"
"Yes."
"Does she wish to write to me?"
"Yes."

Hugh gave the strange creature the address of his hotel in Paris. For a moment, her eyes rested on him with an expression of steady scrutiny. She opened the door to go out—stopped—considered—came back again.

"I want to speak for myself," she said. "Do you care to hear what a servant has to say?"

Mountjoy replied that he was ready to hear what she had to say. She at once stepped up to him, and addressed him in these words:—



She burst into a passionate fit of weeping, broken down at last under the terrible strain laid on her.

"I think you are fond of my mistress?"

An ordinary man might have resented the familiar manner in which she had expressed herself. Mountjoy waited for what was still to come. Fanny Mere abruptly went on, with a nearer approach to agitation in her manner than she had shown yet:

"My mistress took me into her service; she trusted me when other ladies would have shown me the door. When she sent for me to see her, my character was lost; I had nobody to feel for me, nobody to help me. She is the one friend who held out a hand to me. I hate the men; I don't care for the women. Except one. Being a servant I mustn't say I love that one. If I was a lady, I don't know that I should say it. Love is cant; love is rubbish. Tell me one thing. Is the doctor a friend of yours?"

"The doctor is nothing of the kind."

"Perhaps he is your enemy?"

"I can hardly say that."

She looked at Hugh discontentedly. "I want to get at it," she said. "Why can't we understand each other? Will you laugh at me, if I say the first thing that comes into my head? Are you a good swimmer?"

An extraordinary question, even from Fanny Mere. It was put seriously—and seriously Mountjoy answered it. He said that he was considered to be a good swimmer.

"Perhaps," she continued, "you have saved people's lives."

"I have twice been so fortunate as to save lives," he replied.

"If you saw the doctor drowning, would you save him? I wouldn't!"

"Do you hate him as bitterly as that?" Hugh asked.

She passed the question over without notice. "I wish you would help me to get at it," she persisted. "Suppose you could rid my mistress of that man by giving him a kick, would you up with your foot and do it?"

"Yes—with pleasure."

"Thank you, sir. Now I've got it. Mr. Mountjoy, the doctor is the curse of my mistress's life. I can't bear to see it. If we are not relieved of him somehow, I shall do something wrong. When I wait at table, and see him using his knife, I want to snatch it out of his hand, and stick it into him. I had a hope that my lord might turn him out of the house when they quarrelled. My lord is too wicked himself to do it. For the love of God, sir, help my mistress—or show me the way how!"

Mountjoy began to be interested. "How do you know?" he asked, "that Lord Harry and the doctor have quarrelled?"



"If I lend you the money, I do so on the condition that nobody is to know of the loan but ourselves." "Oh, sir, on my sacred word of honour!"

Without the slightest appearance of embarrassment, Fanny Mere informed him that she had listened at the door, while her master and his friend were talking of their secrets. She had also taken an opportunity of looking through the keyhole. "I suppose, sir," said this curious woman, still speaking quite respectfully, "you have never tried that way yourself?"

"Certainly not!"

"Wouldn't you do it to serve my mistress?"

"No."

"And yet you're fond of her! You are a merciful one—the only merciful one, so far as I know—among men. Perhaps, if you were frightened about her, you might be more ready with your help. I wonder whether I can frighten you? Will you let me try?"

The woman's faithful attachment to Iris pleaded for her with Hugh. "Try, if you like," he said kindly.

Speaking as seriously as ever, Fanny proceeded to describe her experience at the keyhole. What she had seen was not worth relating. What she had heard, proved to be more important.

The talk between my lord and the doctor had been about raising money. They had different notions of how to do that.

My lord's plan was to borrow what was wanted, on his life-insurance. The doctor told him he couldn't do that, till his insurance had been going on for three or four years at least. "I have something better and bolder to propose," says Mr. Vimpany. It must have been also something wicked—for he whispered it in the master's ear. My lord didn't take to it kindly. "How do you think I could face my wife," he says, "if she discovered me?" The doctor says: "Don't be afraid of your wife; Lady Harry will get used to many things which she little thought of before she married you." Says my lord to that: "I have done my best, Vimpany, to improve my wife's opinion of you. If you say much more, I shall come round to her way of thinking. Drop it!"—"All right," says the doctor, "I'll drop it now, and wait to pick it up again till you come to your last bank note." There the talk ended for that day—and Fanny would be glad to know what Mr. Mountjoy thought of it.

"I think you have done me a service," Hugh replied.

"Tell me how, sir."

"I can only tell you this, Fanny. You have shown me how to relieve your mistress of the doctor."

For the first time, the maid's impenetrable composure completely failed her. The smouldering fire in Fanny Mere flamed up. She impulsively kissed Mountjoy's hand. The moment her lips touched it she shrank back: the natural pallor of her face became whiter than ever. Startled by the sudden change, Hugh asked if she was ill.

She shook her head.

"It isn't that. Yours is the first man's hand I have kissed, since"—She checked herself. "I beg you won't ask me about it. I only meant to thank you, sir; I do thank you with all my heart—I mustn't stay here any longer."

As she spoke the sound of a key was heard, opening the lock of the cottage-door. Lord Harry had returned.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONQUEST OF MR. VIMPANY.

The Irish lord came in—with his medical friend sulkily in attendance on him. He looked at Fanny, and asked where her mistress was.

"My lady is in her room, sir."

Hearing this, he turned sharply to Mountjoy. On the point of speaking, he seemed to think better of it, and went to his wife's room. The maid followed. "Get rid of him now," she whispered to Hugh, glancing at the doctor. Mr. Vimpany was in no very approachable humour—standing at the window, with his hands in his empty pockets, gloomily looking out. But Hugh was not disposed to neglect the opportunity; he ventured to say: "You don't seem to be in such good spirits as usual."

The doctor gruffly expressed his opinion that Mr. Mountjoy would not be particularly cheerful, in his place. My lord had taken him to the office, on the distinct understanding that he was to earn a little pocket-money by becoming one of the contributors to the newspaper. And how had it ended? The editor had declared that his list of writers was full, and begged leave to suggest that Mr. Vimpany should wait for the next vacancy. A most impudent proposal! Had Lord Harry—a proprietor, remember—exercised his authority? Not he! His lordship had dropped the doctor "like a hot potato," and had meanly submitted to his own servant. What did Mr. Mountjoy think of such conduct as that?

Hugh answered the question, with his own end in view. Paving the way for Mr. Vimpany's departure from the cottage at Passy, he made a polite offer of his services.

"Can't I help you out of your difficulty?" he said.

"You!" cried the doctor. "Have you forgotten how you received me, sir, when I asked for a loan at your hotel in London?"

Hugh admitted that he might have spoken hastily. "You took me by surprise," he said, "and (perhaps I was mistaken, on my side) I thought you were, to say the least of it, not particularly civil. You did certainly use threatening language when you left me. No man likes to be treated in that way."

Mr. Vimpany's big bold eyes stared at Mountjoy in a state of bewilderment. "Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he asked.

"I am incapable, Mr. Vimpany, of an act of rudeness towards anybody."

"If you come to that," the doctor stoutly declared, "I am incapable too. It's plain to me that we have been misunderstanding each other. Wait a bit; I want to go back for a moment to that threatening language which you complained of just now. I was sorry for what I had said, as soon as your door was shut on me. On my way downstairs, I did think of turning back, and making a friendly apology, before I gave you up. Suppose I had done that?" Mr. Vimpany asked, wondering internally whether Mountjoy was foolish enough to believe him.

Hugh advanced a little nearer to the design that he had in view.

"You might have found me more kindly disposed towards you," he said, "than you had anticipated."

This encouraging reply cost him an effort. He had stooped to the unworthy practice of perverting what he had said and done, on a former occasion, to serve a present interest. Remind himself as he might of the end which, in the interests of Iris, did really appear to justify the means, he still sank to a place in his own estimation which he was honestly ashamed to occupy.

Under other circumstances, his hesitation, slight as it was, might have excited suspicion. As things were, Mr. Vimpany could only discover golden possibilities that dazzled his eyes. "I wonder whether you're in the humour," he said, "to be kindly disposed towards me, now?"

It was needless to be careful of the feelings of such a man as this. "Suppose you had the money you want, in your pocket," Hugh suggested, "what would you do with it?"

"Go back to London, to be sure, and publish the first number of that work of mine, I told you of."

"And leave your friend, Lord Harry?"

"What good is my friend to me? He's nearly as poor as I am—he sent for me to advise him—I put him up to a way of filling both our pockets—and he wouldn't hear of it. What sort of a friend do you call that?"

Pay him and get rid of him. There was the course of proceeding suggested by the private counsellor in Mountjoy's bosom.

"Have you got the publisher's estimate of expenses?" he asked.

The doctor instantly produced the document.

To a rich man the sum required was, after all, trifling enough. Mountjoy sat down at the writing-table. As he took up a pen, Mr. Vimpany's protuberant eyes looked as if they would fly out of his head. "If I lend you the money"—Hugh began. ("Yes? yes?" cried the doctor)—"I do so on condition that nobody is to know of the loan but ourselves."

"Oh, sir, on my sacred word of honour!" An order on Mountjoy's bankers in Paris for the necessary amount, with something added for travelling expenses, checked Mr. Vimpany in full career of protestation. He tried to begin again: "My friend! my benefactor!" He was stopped once more. His friend and benefactor pointed to the clock. "If you want the money to-day, you have just time to get to Paris before the bank closes." Mr. Vimpany did want the money—always wanted the money; his gratitude burst out for the third time: "God bless you!" The object of that highly original form of benediction pointed through the window in the direction of the railway station. Mr. Vimpany struggled no longer to express his feelings—he had made his last sacrifice to appearances—he caught the train.

The door of the room had been left open. A voice outside said: "Has he gone?"

"Come in, Fanny," said Mountjoy. "He will return to London either to-night or to-morrow morning."

The strange maid put her head in at the door. "I'll be at the terminus," she said, "and make sure of him."

Her head suddenly disappeared, before it was possible to speak to her again. Was there some other person outside? The other person entered the room: it was Lord Harry. He spoke without his customary smile:—

"I want a word with you, Mr. Mountjoy."

"About what, my lord?"

That direct question seemed to confuse the Irishman. He hesitated.

"About you," he said—and stopped to consider. "And another person," he added mysteriously.

Hugh was constitutionally a hater of mysteries. He felt the need of a more definite reply, and asked for it plainly.

"Does your lordship associate that other person with me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Who is the person?"

"My wife."

CHAPTER XXX.

SAXON AND CELT.

When amicable relations between two men happen to be in jeopardy, there is least danger of an ensuing quarrel if the friendly intercourse has been of artificial growth, on either side. In this case, the promptings of self-interest, and the laws of politeness, have been animating influences throughout, acting under conditions which assist the effort of self-control;

And for this reason: the man who has never really taken a high place in our regard is unprovided with those sharpest weapons of provocation, which make unendurable demands on human fortitude. In a true attachment, on the other hand, there is an innocent familiarity implied, which is forgetful of ceremony, and blind to consequences. The affectionate freedom which can speak kindly without effort is sensitive to offence, and can speak harshly without restraint. When the friend who wounds us has once been associated with the sacred memories of the heart, he strikes at a tender place, and no considerations of propriety are powerful enough to stifle our cry of rage and pain. The enemies who have once loved each other, are the bitterest enemies of all.

Thus, the curt exchange of question and answer, which had taken place in the cottage at Passy, between two gentlemen artificially friendly to one another, led to no regrettable result. Lord Harry had been too readily angry: he remembered what was due to Mr. Mountjoy. Mr. Mountjoy had been too thoughtlessly abrupt: he remembered what was due to Lord Harry. The courteous Irishman bowed, and pointed to a chair. The well-bred Englishman returned the polite salute, and sat down. My lord broke the silence that followed.

"May I hope that you will excuse me," he began, "if I walk about the room? Movement seems to help me when I am puzzled how to put things nicely. Sometimes I go round and round the subject, before I get at it. I'm afraid I'm going round and round, now. Have you arranged to make a long stay in Paris?"

Circumstances, Mountjoy answered, would probably decide him.

"You have no doubt been many times in Paris before this," Lord Harry continued. "Do you find it at all dull, now?"

Wondering what he could possibly mean, Hugh said he never found Paris dull—and waited for further enlightenment. The Irish lord persisted:—

"People mostly think Paris isn't as gay as it used to be. Not such good plays and such good actors as they had at one time. The restaurants inferior, and society very much mixed. People don't stay there as long as they used. I'm told that Americans are getting disappointed, and are trying London for a change."

Could he have any serious motive for this irrelevant way of talking? Or was he, to judge by his own account of himself, going round and round the subject of his wife and his guest, before he could get at it?

Suspecting him of jealousy from the first, Hugh failed—naturally perhaps in his position—to understand the regard for Iris, and the fear of offending her, by which her jealous husband was restrained. Lord Harry was attempting (awkwardly indeed!) to break off the relations between his wife and her friend, by means which might keep the true state of his feelings concealed from both of them. Ignorant of this claim on his forbearance, it was Mountjoy's impression that he was being trifled with. Once more, he waited for enlightenment, and waited in silence.

"You don't find my conversation interesting?" Lord Harry remarked, still with perfect good-humour.

"I fail to see the connection," Mountjoy acknowledged, "between what you have said so far, and the subject on which you expressed your intention of speaking to me. Pray forgive me if I appear to hurry you—or if you have any reasons for hesitation."

Far from being offended, this incomprehensible man really appeared to be pleased. "You read me like a book!" he exclaimed. "It's hesitation that's the matter with me. I'm a variable man. If there's something disagreeable to say, there are times when I dash at it, and times when I hang back. Can I offer you any refreshment?" he asked, getting away from the subject again, without so much as an attempt at concealment.

Hugh thanked him, and declined.

"Not even a glass of wine? Such white Burgundy, my dear sir, as you seldom taste."

Hugh's British obstinacy was roused; he repeated his reply. Lord Harry looked at him gravely, and made a nearer approach to an open confession of feeling than he had ventured on yet.

"With regard now to my wife. When I went away this morning with Vimpany—he's not such good company as he used to be; soured by misfortune, poor devil; I wish he would go back to London. As I was saying—I mean as I was about to say—I left you and Lady Harry together this morning; two old friends, glad (as I supposed) to have a gossip about old times. When I come back, I find you left here alone, and I am told that Lady Harry is in her room. What do I see when I get there? I see the finest pair of eyes in the world; and the tale they tell me is, We have been crying. When I ask what may have happened to account for this—'Nothing, dear,' is all the answer I get. What's the impression naturally produced on my mind? There has been a quarrel perhaps between you and my wife."

"I fail entirely, Lord Harry, to see it in that light."

"Ah, likely enough! Mine's the Irish point of view. As an Englishman you fail to understand it. Let that be. One thing, Mr. Mountjoy, I'll take the freedom of saying at once. I'll thank you, next time, to quarrel with Me."

"You force me to tell you, my lord, that you are under a complete delusion, if you suppose that there has been any quarrel, or approach to a quarrel, between Lady Harry and myself."

"You tell me that, on your word of honour as a gentleman?"

"Most assuredly!"

"Sir! I deeply regret to hear it."

"Which does your lordship deeply regret? That I have spoken to you on my word of honour, or that I have not quarrelled with Lady Harry?"

"Both, sir! By the piper that played before Moses, both!"

Hugh got up, and took his hat: "We may have a better chance of understanding each other," he suggested, "if you will be so good as to write to me."

"Put your hat down again, Mr. Mountjoy, and pray have a moment's patience. I've tried to like you, sir—and I'm bound in candour to own that I've failed to find a bond of union between us. Maybe, this frank confession annoys you."

"Far from it! You are going straight to your subject, at last, if I may venture to say so."

The Irish lord's good-humour had completely disappeared by this time. His handsome face hardened, and his voice rose. The outbreak of jealous feeling, which motives honourable to himself had hitherto controlled, now seized on its freedom of expression. His language betrayed (as on some former occasions) that association with unworthy companions, which had been one of the evil results of his adventurous life.

"Maybe I'll go straighter than you bargain for," he replied; "I'm in two humours about you. My common-sense tells me that you're my wife's friend. And the best of friends do sometimes quarrel, don't they? Well, sir! you deny it, on your own account. I find myself forced back on my other humour—and it's a black humour, I can tell you. You may be my wife's friend, my fine fellow, but you're something more than that. You have always been in love

with her—and you're in love with her now. Thank you for your visit, but don't repeat it. Say! do we understand each other at last?"

"I have too sincere a respect for Lady Harry to answer you," Mountjoy said. "At the same time, let me acknowledge my obligations to your lordship. You have reminded me that I did a foolish thing when I called here without an invitation. I agree with you that the sooner my mistake is set right the better."

He replied in those words, and left the cottage.

On the way back to his hotel, Hugh thought of what Mrs. Vimpany had said to him when they had last seen each other: "Don't forget that there is an obstacle between you and Iris which will put even your patience and your devotion to a hard trial." The obstacle of the husband had set itself up, and had stopped him already.

His own act (a necessary act after the language that had been addressed to him) had closed the doors of the cottage, and had put an end to future meetings between Iris and himself. If they attempted to communicate by letter, Lord Harry would have opportunities of discovering their correspondence, of which his jealousy would certainly avail itself. Through the wakeful night, Hugh's helpless situation was perpetually in his thoughts. There seemed to be no present alternative before him but resignation, and a return to England.

(To be continued.)

SCHOOL BOARD EVENING CLASSES.

The eighth session of the evening classes for male and female pupils, conducted by the School Board for London, commenced on Monday, Sept. 23. A large number of persons received instruction in the classes last session. They are held in every district of the metropolis, and meet, as a rule, on three evenings a week, between the hours of 7.30 and 9.30. The positions of the schools where the classes are held are described on posters affixed to every Board school. The subjects of instruction are also set forth. Special classes, for instruction in French, shorthand, science and art (in connection with the Science and Art Department) are also opened where there are enough pupils. Where possible, the Recreative Evening Schools Association, whose president is Princess Louise, illustrate the lessons by the magic-lantern, and introduce such recreative and practical subjects as musical drill, wood-carving, modelling, &c. The work of the classes is made as interesting and attractive as possible, so that the pupils may spend pleasant as well as profitable evenings. The fee is, as a rule, 3d. a week or 2s. a quarter, or 3s. 6d. for the two quarters; and the payment of this fee entitles a pupil to attend the classes on three evenings a week and receive instruction in any of the subjects, except those taught in special classes, where small extra fees are charged. Well-qualified teachers are engaged. Prizes and certificates are awarded by the Board.

The Duke of Fife has sold the beautiful estate of Pittybank, Matlock, including the mill-house and farm, to Provost Square, of Dufftown.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has promised to give £100 towards the fund for erecting a Braithwaite Memorial Hall in connection with the central Free Library at Croydon.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on Sunday mornings in October will be as follows: On the 6th, the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon; 13th, the Rev. J. H. T. Ellison, Vicar of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico; 20th, the Rev. Prebendary Whittington, Rector of St. Peter upon Cornhill; 27th, the Rev. Edward A. Stuart, Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. Canon Prothero (Sub-Dean), as Canon in residence, will preach in the afternoons.—On Sunday, Sept. 29, Canon Duckworth preaches at ten; and the Rev. C. Gore, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, at three.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was entertained to a dinner at Belfast on Sept. 19, and, in responding to the toast of his health, he cited the names of various illustrious Irishmen, observing that not only our Indian but our Colonial Empire plainly showed that Irishmen had a positive genius for governing, if not themselves, at all events other people. Speaking of India, he said the history of the world did not exhibit a more splendid example of the way in which the material and moral condition of a vast congeries of nationalities might be improved than did our Eastern Empire.—On the same day the Marchioness laid the foundation-stone of the Queen Victoria Convalescent Home, at Knockbreda, a short distance from Belfast. The weather was fine, and there was a large and representative assemblage.

During August the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate 101 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity, 62 tons were wet fish and 39 tons shell-fish. 46 tons arrived by land and 55 tons by water. The weight of fish delivered during the month was 13,421 tons, of which 10,017 tons came by land and 3404 tons by water. The fish seized included brill, cockles, cod, crabs, eels, haddock (16 tons), hake, herrings (10 tons), lobsters, mackerel, mullet, mussels (24 tons), periwinkles, plaice, shrimps (15 tons), skate (11 tons), smelts, soles, whelks (10 tons), whitebait, and whiting. These were contained in 78 barrels, 706 bags, 1139 boxes, and 347 baskets. At Shadwell Market, out of a delivery of 2215 tons, only 5 cwt. was seized during August. The fish condemned to that delivered at Billingsgate was in the proportion of one ton in 132 tons.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN OCTOBER.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near and to the left of Jupiter on the evening of the 1st; she is very near Saturn on the morning of the 20th; she is very near Mars on the morning of the 21st; she is very near Venus on the morning of the 22nd; she is near Mercury on the morning of the 23rd; and near and to the right of Jupiter on the evening of the 28th. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter	on the 2nd at 33 minutes after 1h in the morning.
Full Moon	" 9th " 26 "
Last Quarter	" 17th " 37 "
New Moon	" 21st " 26 "
First Quarters	" 31st " 31 "

She is nearest the Earth on the afternoon of the 1st, most distant on the afternoon of the 15th, and nearest again on the afternoon of the 27th.

Mercury sets on the 4th at 5h 43m p.m., or 11 minutes after sunset; and on the 10th at 5h 18m p.m., or about the same time as the Sun sets. He rises on the 17th at 6h 16m a.m., or 12 minutes before sunrise; on the 24th at 6h 12m a.m., or 1h 28m before sunrise; on the 29th at 6h 0m a.m., or 1h 50m before sunrise.

"IN LOVE."

The picture of which we present an Engraving was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1888, and may be regarded as Mr. Marcus Stone's first work after he had attained the full honours of a Royal Academician. It tells "the old, old story," much after the direct fashion in which the same artist has depicted so many domestic idylls— prettiness and simplicity taking the place of passion or dramatic effect. The picture, as is always the case with Mr. Marcus Stone, tells its own story. Little or no effort is required on the part of the spectator to realise the scene. The young girl has come out to sit during the hot hours of the summer's afternoon on a shady seat away from too inquisitive eyes. It was, of course, mere accident which brought the neighbouring squire's son, perhaps an amateur artist, to judge by the portfolio beside him, to wander in the same direction. More probably they had often met there before; but not until to-day had she revealed herself to him as the mistress of his future life. As they sit together at opposite sides of the garden seat, the trunk of the old apple-tree imposing a restraint which will soon be disregarded, the truth is suddenly revealed to him. And what are her thoughts? Is she really as engrossed in her knitting as she would fain have him and us believe? Is it maidenly reserve or natural coquetry which gives her that look of innocence and placid repose? We may well leave the lovers to unwind the skein of fate for themselves. The artist suggests no knots to pick, no tangle to unravel. All is bright as the summer sun which is blazing in the open sky, filling the air with the song of birds, the hum of bees, and the tale of love. There are few artists who more accurately render the beauty of English country-life than Mr. Marcus Stone. It has a reality for him which enables him to find at home charms which others search for in vain, although they travel far and wide in the quest. It is essentially as a painter of the English school that Mr. Marcus Stone will be known and appreciated in future times—and we trace in his work a continuance of that thoroughness and richness which give to Mulready's work its chief charm.

A new high school for boys, under the patronage of the Bishop of St. Albans, was publicly opened at Braintree on Sept. 19.

Lord Melgund, who has been appointed Brigadier-General of the South of Scotland Volunteer Infantry Brigade, has resigned the command of the Border Mounted Rifles, which he has held since 1872.

The Mayor and Corporation of Dublin on Sept. 20 conferred the Freedom of the City on Lady Sandhurst and Mr. Stansfeld, M.P. The Lord Mayor presided, and the Nationalist members of the Corporation attended in their robes.

On Sept. 21 the police made a raid on the Cranbourn Club, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, and arrested thirty-seven men, who were playing at faro. All were admitted to bail, except the manager or proprietor, Carl Eisbe, and three of his servants.

The fifty-miles championship of the Surrey Bicycle Club was decided on Sept. 21 on the track in the Crystal Palace grounds. The result was a victory for E. M. Mayes, with C. Potter second.—On the Great North Road on the same day the open fifty-miles handicap of the Bath-road Club was held. The first prize fell to P. T. Pyne, Bath-road Club; G. Geddes, Catford, was second; and F. Taylor, Biggleswade, third.

The Royal Humane Society have awarded medals and testimonials in cases of saving life from drowning, which had been brought to its notice, a very large number of the cases arising out of the bathing season, and several of the recipients being boys. Only one silver medal was voted, the recipient being Gunner Antonio Ellul, of the Royal Malta Artillery, for saving two men from a very foul and noxious sewer into which they had fallen at Pieta on July 23.

There was a large attendance of visitors at the annual exhibition of the English Horse Show Society, which was held in Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, on Sept. 19 and following day. Viscount Hampden and other noblemen sent horses for competition, and the show, as a whole, was the finest ever held at Eastbourne, the entries numbering 250. The horses of the South of England hunts figured numerously in the competitions. There was a military tournament by troopers of the 1st Life Guards.

Mr. Monro, the Chief Commissioner of Police, accompanied by Mr. Howard, Chief Constable of the Northern District, paid a visit to the Albany-street Police-Station, Regent's Park, on Sept. 21, and presented the Royal Humane Society's certificate and bronze medal to Constable Crothers, 329 S, in recognition of his bravery in rescuing a woman from the Regent's Canal who had attempted the taking of her life. The whole of the men of the division were summoned to attend the presentation. After brief remarks from the Chief Commissioner, three cheers were given to the constable.

The proceedings of the British Association in Newcastle were brought to a close on Sept. 19 by a series of excursions to places of historical interest, including the Roman Wall, Bamburgh Castle, and other castles in Northumberland and Durham. Many members and others joined in the excursions. About one hundred members of the association visited Berwick, and were received by the Mayor and a reception committee. They were shown over the various places of interest, and subsequently the Mayor entertained the party at luncheon. The party afterwards divided, one contingent going to Norham Castle, another to Ford Castle and Flodden Field, while a third proceeded to Burnmouth to study the geology of the district.

The spot at Osborne selected by the Queen for the re-erection of the Royal Pavilion from the Agricultural Show at Windsor is on a knoll, embowered in trees, overlooking the Solent, whence charming views are obtained of Hayling Island and Spithead. The site is, indeed, the one chosen by the late Prince Consort when there was a question of rebuilding Osborne House. All the walls, floors, and casements, together with the roof, have been removed from Windsor Great Park and transferred to the Isle of Wight by the London and South-Western Railway, in sections, under the superintendence of Mr. Charlton Humphreys, the builder and donor of the structure to her Majesty. In the course of re-erection several improvements and alterations will be made.

A new grotto has been recently discovered and opened to the public, at not quite twenty minutes distance from the famous Cavern of Stalactites at Adelsberg, in Carniola. This province of Austria (the Standard's correspondent says) is very rich in grottoes and caves; but the one just discovered seems to be superior to all the others, and is likely to be more renowned than the Adelsberg Caves, the largest and most magnificent hitherto known in Europe. The new grotto is, in the first place, better connected than the old one. Cave follows cave, without passages or corridors in which the visitors can see nothing; and when it is added that a walk through the new grotto occupies rather more than two hours, it can be imagined how rich it is in variety and sights. It is snow-white in colour, relieved only by portions of greyish hue, whereas at Adelsberg the prevalent colour is yellowish.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LIFE IN THE AIR.

The mild and warm weather of September has induced me to sojourn for a day or two in an old and favourite country haunt of mine. Last month it was impossible to sit, far less to lie, lazily out of doors on the grass; but to-day it is as warm as it should have been in an ordinary broiling August; and, though the nights grow long apace, yet one may well be devoutly thankful for this bit of summer in the short days of late autumn. The cottage close by is "near a wood," and thus realises the favourite architectural aspect of the song. As that wood happens to be the abode of countless living things, in the shape of birds, insects, and other forms of the "beast" tribes, to say nothing of a very rich assortment of plant-life, my abode for the nonce is pleasantly situated, from a biological point of view. On this lazy day, when one lies on one's back gazing into the skies, and enjoying the pipe (or cigar) of peace, a desultory talk on means of locomotion has drifted into the problems of flight. An old friend of mine has, locked up within his breast, as the one ideal and hobby of his life, the desire to invent a perfect flying-machine: and to-day, gazing into the blue ether, one sympathises with his oft-repeated remark that "up there you are quite untrammelled." The noisy crows which begin their song very early in the morning now and then take a header in the air, as Mrs. Crow possibly evicts her lord and master from the nest. As the bird, which is not by any means a swift flyer, swoops here and there preparatory to a return to his rightful bough, you begin to envy him his free aerial life.

A discussion on flight from a technical point of view would lead us very far astray indeed into the domain of vital mechanics. Persons learned in the views of Marey and Pettigrew will tell you that all flight-movements occur in, and are represented by, a figure of 8. The gliding of the serpent or of the eel, the motion of the big fins of a skate, the swing of the bird's pinions, are all seen to move, they tell us, on this latter principle. But that is a matter of dynamics, and to-day you are not inclined for problems which lead you towards the field of the higher mathematics. Our desultory talk may much more readily flow in directions leading towards the living structures which fly, and to the varied ways and means wherewith life supports itself *in excelsis*. To begin with, there are wings and wings. Even if we take all these structures which may truly be called "wings," we shall find that marvellous differences exist in the series of objects thus enumerated. A fly's wing or a butterfly's organ of flight is really an expansion of its skin-structure. In the former the wing is transparent; but, thin as it is, it consists of two membranes, stretched between which we find the supporting ribs or "nerves." These nerves are in reality hollow tubes. They correspond with the air-tubes you find everywhere within the insect's body and wherewith it breathes. The wing, in one sense, is thus, in the insect at least, part and parcel of the breathing system. It is more than likely that the movements of the wings in insects play some part in their breathing duties.

Very different is it when we come to consider the wing of our crow (or other bird) and of our bat. Here it is the fore-limbs which are transformed into organs of aerial movement. I find that people, as a rule, speak about birds as bipeds, and insist that these animals have only two limbs. They quite overlook the fact that the wings are limbs, possibly because they are so unlike the legs of ordinary creatures. Yet the wings of birds and bats are simply their arms or fore-limbs, after all. It is easy to prove this statement to the hilt. In our own arms, the skeleton includes the bones of the shoulder (shoulder-blade and collar-bone), one long bone (the humerus) between shoulder and elbow, two bones (radius and ulna) between elbow and wrist, the wrist itself comes next (eight bones), and finally succeed the palm-bones and those of the fingers. Now, a bird's wing shows us essentially the same bony plan, altered for the purposes of life in the air. In the bird's shoulder we discover a shoulder-blade and a collar-bone; the latter joined to its fellow-bone of the opposite side, and forming the "merry-thought." In addition, and as if to show the complete identity in plan between all fore-limbs, we find in the bird's shoulder a third bone. This is called the coracoid bone. It supports the wing like a pillar, and, although in ourselves this coracoid bone is not developed as a distinct element, it is nevertheless present as a well-marked projection, attached to our shoulder-blade. So far, the bird's shoulder is, in its type, the same as our own. Then we find an upper arm-bone in the wing; two bones between the bird's elbow and its wrist, as in ourselves; and finally a wrist and three fingers. Two of the fingers are joined together, while the third (the thumb) is free and distinct. The wrist, although represented in the bird, is practically non-existent. Its bones are firmly wedged together, for the plain reason that in a wing, which makes direct and forcible strokes in the air, you no more want a movable joint than you require such a joint in the middle of an oar.

This bony framework or arm, then, is covered with muscles, and over all we find the feathers. The bird flies by direct movements of its arms, aided by the feathers, which are so disposed as to increase the area and size of the limb in a marked degree. As regards our bat, all that I have described in the case of the bird holds good, save that, as a quadruped, and therefore as belonging to our own class, the bat has a fore-limb more closely resembling our own than does that of the bird. Again, in the bat, it is the four fingers which become extremely elongated, and there are no feathers, of course, for the bat's natural covering is hair. These four long fingers support a fold of skin called the "patagium." This fold stretches besides between the front legs and the weak hind limbs, and also betwixt the hind limbs and the tail. The bat's body is, therefore, bordered by a great fringe or fold of skin, whose chief support is found in the tremendously elongated fingers—the thumb, provided with a hooked nail, being used for clinging to walls. The flight of the bat thus differs from that of the bird, because the former flies by waving this great fold of skin; whereas the bird propels itself more directly as it were by the movements of its arms.

Other creatures which lay claim to enjoy a life in the air may be unhesitatingly ejected from the society of true flyers. That squirrel who has been devoting himself to the beech-nuts so assiduously all day, has certain near relations in foreign lands which possess folds of skin joining their front legs to their hind legs, and often uniting hind legs and tail as well. These so-called flying squirrels gain that name by courtesy only. They do not "fly" in the true sense of the word at all. They merely take flying leaps from tree to tree, and the fold of skin serves as a kind of parachute to keep them temporarily suspended in the air. So is it with certain flying lemurs, and with at least one reptile—the flying dragon of the Eastern Archipelago. If this latter creature did but know it, however, once upon a time ancient reptiles enjoyed powers of flight as free as those of birds or bats. But the way of the world, geologically, swept them out of existence, and left a mere pretence in the way of life in the air in the reptile ANDREW WILSON.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. W. J. WENTWORTH-FITZWILLIAM, M.P.
The Hon. William John Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, J.P., M.P. for Peterborough, died on Sept. 11 from the results of an accident. Returning from his farm at Hoober, near Rotherham, a few days previously, he was thrown from his horse in the park at Wentworth, and, falling heavily, never regained consciousness. The lamented gentleman was born Aug. 7, 1852, the fifth son of the present Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G., by Frances Harriet, his wife, eldest daughter of Sholto, nineteenth Earl of Morton. He was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Cambridge, and represented Peterborough from October 1878, first as a Liberal, and then as a Liberal Unionist. During the Egyptian war he went out as a volunteer, and served in the advance from Ismailia to Cairo.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. MACKARNES.

The Right Rev. John Feilder Mackarness, D.D., late Bishop of Oxford, whose death is announced, was born Dec. 3, 1820, and received his education at Eton and Merton College, Oxford. He graduated in 1843, and obtained a Second Class in Classics. In 1844 he was elected Fellow of Exeter College: in 1845 was presented to the Vicarage of Tardebigge; in 1855 became Rector of Honiton; in 1858 was appointed Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral; and in 1870 consecrated Bishop of Oxford, from which see he retired last year. He married Aug. 7, 1849, Alethea, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and sister of the present Lord Chief Justice, and leaves three sons and four daughters.

THE HON. AND REV. A. G. STUART.

The Hon. and Rev. Andrew Godfrey Stuart, M.A., of Bretlands, Tunbridge Wells, Hon. Canon of Peterborough and Rural Dean, late Rector of Cotesmore, Rutland, died at Matlock Bridge, Derbyshire, on Sept. 16, aged seventy-six. He was fourth son of Robert, second Earl Castle Stewart, and consequently a descendant of the Stuarts. Lords Avondale, sprung from a branch of the Royal Stuarts, as fully related in the deceased gentleman's memoir of the noble house of Castle Stewart. He married twice: by his wife the Hon. Catherine Anne Wingfield, daughter of the fifth Viscount Powerscourt, he leaves three surviving sons; and by his second, Mary, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Leland-Noel Noel, two sons and two surviving daughters.

REAR-ADmirAL WINNINGTON-INGRAM.

Rear-Admiral Herbert Frederick Winnington-Ingram, youngest son of the Rev. Canon Edward Winnington-Ingram, of Ribbesford, Bewdley, by Maria Louisa, his wife, daughter of Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester, died suddenly, at West Norwood, on Sept. 13, in his sixty-ninth year. He was grandson of Sir Edward Winnington, second Baronet, of Stanford Court. The gallant officer whose death we record had seen much active service. He was at the bombardment of Acre, in 1840; the blockade of Sveaborg, in 1854; and in 1861, then Commander R.N., he was given, but did not accept, the insignia of Knight of the Imperial Order of the Rose, assigned to him by the Emperor of Brazil in recognition of services rendered by H.M.S. Argus to the shipwrecked crew of the *Doña Isabel*, near Cape Spartel. He was author of "A Six Months Cruise amongst the South Sea Islands."

LADY WALLSCOURT.

The Right Hon. Jane Harriet Charlotte, Baroness Wallscourt, died on Sept. 8, at Stanhope Lodge, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Her Ladyship was born July 29, 1853, the fourth daughter of Charles Wyndham, seventh Earl of Harrington, and was married, February 1874, to Erroll-Augustus, present Lord Wallscourt, by whom she leaves two sons and two daughters.

LADY MARY EVELYN DALRYMPLE.

Lady Mary Evelyn Dalrymple, third daughter of the present Earl of Stair, K.T., by his wife, Louisa Jane Henrietta Emily De Franquetot, eldest daughter of the Duc de Coigny, died at Lochinch, Wigtonshire, on Sept. 8. Her Ladyship was born July 15, 1852.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Stevenson, on Sept. 7, in Cheltenham, aged ninety-one.

His Honour Aeneas John McIntyre, Q.C., Judge of County Courts, West Riding of Yorkshire, on Sept. 19, at Mirfield.

Mr. Cyrus Legg, J.P., on Sept. 19, at Rochfort Tower, South Norwood, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Henry B. Farnie, the well-known dramatic author, in Paris, on Sept. 22.

His Honour Judge Boswell, on Aug. 28, at Coburg, Canada, in his eighty-sixth year.

Dr. George West Royston Pigott, F.R.S., on Sept. 14, at Annandale Grange-gardens, Eastbourne, aged seventy.

Lady Duckworth (Annie Alicia), wife of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D., and widow of Mr. John Smith, of Bombay, on Sept. 14.

Lady Lefevre (Frederica), widow of Sir George William Lefevre, M.D., of Jersey, physician to the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, and daughter of Colonel Charles Fraser, E.I.C.S., on Sept. 3, at Peterborough House, Fulham.

Mr. Herbert William Ord, of Somerton, Somerset, youngest son of the late Rev. Craven Ord, J.P., of Greenstead Hall, Essex, on Sept. 10, accidentally drowned while returning from bathing at Lynmouth, North Devon.

Mr. Hugh Crogan Davidson, of Cantray, in the county of Inverness, J.P. and D.L., late of the 78th Highlanders, on Sept. 13, aged fifty-six. He was son of Mr. Hugh Davidson, of Cantray, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Colonel Grogan, and grandson of Sir David Davidson, of Cantray.

The Hon. and Rev. Cornwallis Charles Hewitt, Prebendary of Tuam, fourth son of James, fourth Viscount Lifford, by Lady Mary Acheson, his wife, eldest daughter of the second Earl of Gosford, on Sept. 4, at the Palace, Tuam, aged 42. He married, in 1881, Maria, daughter of Sir Edmund Samuel Hayes, Bart.

The Rev. A. N. Somerville, D.D., a well-known Glasgow divine, at his house in Hillhead, Glasgow, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was pastor of the Anderston Free Church; and took deep interest in religious work abroad, and had a preaching tour in Spain, Italy, and many cities in the Eastern Empire.

Mr. Thomas Jodrell Phillips Jodrell, M.A., J.P., Barrister-at-Law, of Yeardsley, in the county of Chester, and of Shallcross, in the county of Derby, recently, at Blagdon, Somerset, at the age of eighty-two. He was a considerable landowner in Cheshire and Derbyshire, and succeeded to the estates at the death of his cousin, Mr. Francis Charles Jodrell, of Yeardsley, and assumed in consequence the additional surname of Jodrell. Mr. Phillips Jodrell was son of Mr. Shakespear Phillips, and of Harriet, his wife, daughter of Frances Jodrell, heiress of Yeardsley, by her husband, Mr. John Bower Phillips.

We have to apologise for having announced, on the authority of the dailies, the death of Lady Tryon. Her Ladyship, we are happy to be able to state, is alive and well.



"IN LOVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY MARCUS STONE, R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

From a Photograph published by the Berlin Photographic Company.

NOVELS.

The Web of Life. By Blanche Atkinson. One vol. (George Allen, Orpington, Kent.)—As we receive this volume from none of the customary London publishers of novels, but from the rural cottage in a garden, among the quiet hamlets of West Kent, already famous in the literary market as the sole repository of Mr. Ruskin's works, it may be expected to prove no trivial essay in fiction, but a tale inspired by generous ideas of social duty and philanthropy. This merit will be fully conceded to the authoress by a thoughtful reader of her story, which is, in effect, a powerful exhibition of the extreme contrasts between the life of the very poor and the very rich, also the drudging huckstering portion of the lower middle classes, in town and country, with the aspirations of a pure-minded girl, when lifted from destitute poverty in her childhood to the command of large wealth and a high independent station, willing to serve the cause of equity and human charity. Peggy Meredith, left an orphan at the age of thirteen by the death of her mother, a broken-down inferior actress reduced to absolute starvation, found a home with Peter Holgate and his sister, at a thriving but niggardly managed retail shop in the bacon, cheese, and butter trade, in one of the meanest streets of Liverpool. It was at the dying entreaty of her mother, to whom Peter had been attached in his youth, that the sordid, miserly, grubbing and grabbing old bachelor, who seemed to have no heart but for pence and shillings in his till, granted to this good little girl a refuge on the humblest footing. But the kindness of Priscilla Holgate, the gratitude of Peggy, her docility, willingness to serve, bright intelligence, and cheerful, loving temper, soon wrought a wholesome change in that narrow and comfortless household. Old Peter's hard nature, or rather the hard crust of repulsive severity and engrossing avarice that had overgrown his better nature, gradually melting into fondness for this engaging child, he spent money on her education, became proud of her accomplishments, and has finally determined to make her the heiress of a big fortune he has secretly amassed by cunning speculations. Neither his sister Priscilla, nor the amiable girl who now calls them Uncle and Aunt, has any notion that Peter is exceedingly rich; he is persuaded, in failing health, to retire from the shop and to live in the country, but they only suppose that he has bought a simple rural cottage. Just on the eve of this removal, the old man is taken ill and dies; so, after the funeral, Aunt Priscilla and Margaret Meredith set forth to take possession of Lyonwood, their future home. Now Lyonwood, which Peter Holgate had purchased, is a very different place from what these two innocent women, having lived so long in the most squalid quarter of Liverpool, could ever have imagined. It is a fine old Tudor mansion in a beautiful park, with a considerable landed estate, which had belonged to the late Sir John Lyon, a ruined spendthrift baronet, and was sold for his creditors at his decease. The reader of earlier chapters of the story will have made acquaintance, before this, with three sons of Sir John Lyon, who are, so far as they have reason to believe, in an undesirable position with regard to their birth and parentage. An arrangement had been made by which their mother, calling herself Mrs. Lyon and passing for the widow of a deceased brother of Sir John Lyon, lived on a sufficient pension, separated from their father, on the coast of Cornwall; while the three sons were treated as nephews of Sir John, and received a liberal education. When the youths attained manhood, Sir John, having squandered all his property, told them he could do nothing more for them, and that they were his illegitimate offspring, but continued to provide for their mother, who had long understood that she was the victim of a mock marriage, and who was content to acquiesce in her equivocal situation. We cannot but think, without at all justifying the example of such wrongful connections, that the eldest son, named John Lyon, is not entitled to look on his natural father with implacable hatred, or to interdict with harsh severity the continuance of Sir John's provision for his mother; and though it must be painful, in such a case, to learn that one's parents have committed a serious fault and forfeited social esteem, a manly character would feel little abiding shame from the mere accident of not having been born in lawful wedlock. It is a conventional sentiment arising from feudal traditions, which could not long trouble the mind of such a man as Jack Lyon, who had gone to Australia and won an honourable place there by his own personal exertions. His brother Bob, frankly accepting their lot in life, has followed in the same course; but Gerald, the idle, unprincipled brother, an artist by profession, with false pretensions to gentility, has stolen the affections of a Squire's daughter, and is disappointed of the fortune he sought to gain by a runaway marriage. The Lyon family, in short, appear to us the least likely characters in this story. But there is likewise a certain want of keeping in the portraiture of the Goodwin family, Miss Meredith's neighbours at Lyonwood: and young Harry Goodwin, a shallow, boyish, feather-headed trifler, who flirts with other girls, is not the person to whom she, with her earnest zeal for schemes of beneficence, and her grave sense of moral responsibility, would have lightly become engaged. To be sure, finding him an unsuitable partner for the life of active usefulness she will lead, this high-spirited young lady is glad to dismiss him on the discovery of his behaviour to poor Rosie Steadman; and he can then actually bring himself to let her pay off his debts and settle him on a farm in America with Rosie for his wife. Miss Meredith's career, on the whole, victoriously proves that a brave, right-minded, once destitute and suffering daughter of the people may rise, in some instances, to get the better of the proud landed aristocracy, if she happens to inherit £10,000 a year. She may disown the baneful practices of game-preserving and fox-hunting, sympathise with poachers, denounce hard dealing with tenants, and advocate land-law reform, as well as build schools and orphanages, and improved cottages for the labourers, besides dispensing kind charity to the sick poor. She may even support a Liverpool grocer as Radical candidate for the shire against the Conservative brother of the Duke, though the Radical, who demands the abolition of private property in land, does not quite win the election. Such a young lady, with such a splendid fortune, may indeed perform great things; but the wisest thing Miss Meredith does is finally to marry good John Lyon, her able, discreet, and honest land-steward, who turns out, after all, to be no son of illegitimate birth, and figures henceforth as a baronet of ancient lineage, recovering the grand old home at Lyonwood by a worthy union with a noble-minded woman.

Such is Life. By May Kendall. One vol. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—A story bearing this title, which assumes that it must be received as a generally true picture of human relations and experiences, cannot escape being judged, in some measure, by its agreement with ordinary observation. Miss Kendall, who seems to be a young lady of more than common literary culture, acquainted with the superficial currents of discussion, in these days, on philosophical and religious questions, has talent enough for the writing of good novels; but she does not in this attempt, whatever she may hereafter

attain, show a profound knowledge of the real motives and likely behaviour of men and women, in their most interesting associations with each other. With girls, indeed, she is evidently well acquainted; and her Ida Everard and Nan Thornton, so far as they may be regarded apart from their respective lovers, are natural, unaffected, agreeable examples of frank and spirited maidenhood, not the less engaging for their courageous industry, the one as a musician, the other as a London hospital nurse, in honourably earning their own living. The character of Lilian Rivers, a beautiful and accomplished woman, a few years older, serenely egotistic, cold and heartless, but fascinating by her air of extreme refinement, is one that might actually be met with in the social world. But with regard to persons of the other sex, although Halbert and Jem Everard, Ida's cousins, and Lionel Blake, their school comrade, may pass tolerably well as boys whose home training has developed peculiar originality and independence of thinking, their subsequent conduct as grown-up men, at least that of Jem and Lionel, is unaccountably feeble and capricious. The authoress deserves much credit for her pure and exalted ideas of friendship, of brotherhood and sisterhood, and of the unselfish mutual attachment, happily quite possible between generous young persons of opposite sexes, which may arise from early domestic associations. All this part of the story can be enjoyed and admired; and the cordial good offices rendered by Dr. James Everard, when he becomes a resident physician at the hospital, to his young friend Miss Thornton, a laborious and devoted nurse in that establishment, win the strongest approval and esteem. In like manner, but with no similar opportunity of exchanging services of substantial goodwill, Ida's gradual increase of sympathy with the painful struggles of Lionel, as an artist suffering the woes of penury and loneliness and repeated disappointment with his pictures, takes a certain time in ripening to a more ardent affection. Both Ida and Nan, in short, are genuine womanly characters: but the failure of consistent dramatic conception is on the other side, in the behaviour of Lionel and Jem, and more especially in representing the effects of the passion of love—which is surely altogether different from friendship—on the minds and actions of men. This is a fatal defect in any novel, whether romantic or realistic: and one without a true, credible, and forcible portraiture of the sentiments and demeanour of a man deeply in love, going to all proper lengths in pursuit of the beloved woman, cannot satisfy either the imagination or the reason. It cannot, we should hope, be accepted under the title, "Such is Life"; for that would imply that the masculine portion of mankind consists of very poor creatures. In the case of James Everard, discovering too late that he is "in love" with Nan Thornton, when he is pledged to marry Lilian Rivers, we certainly do not affirm that he ought to have broken off his engagement to the latter, though it is questionable morality to persist knowingly in contracting a loveless marriage; but he ought not to have disturbed Nan's innocent heart, to no purpose, by allowing her to know the state of his affections, when she was unable to conceal her own. As for Lionel, the eccentricity of his actions is such as could scarcely be possible in a sane person having any sense of responsibility towards others; but we cannot believe in his final exploit of suddenly leaving Ida and sailing for America, because he has learnt that he is the son of a disgraced father whom he never knew before. We must say, with regard to "Such is Life," as we think of the other story, called "The Web of Life," that with much talent for inventing and combining fictitious incidents, and for enlisting generous sympathies on behalf of the feminine characters, their writers betray a lack of acquaintance with the actual ways of the world.

Margaret Maliphant. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—Depressing and irritating, without any engaging touches of humour or rousing adventures, this story, which is related in the melancholy confessions of an obstinate, rather bad-hearted young woman, has yet a sort of fascination, due to her relentless self-exposure of grievous faults, and of their painful effects. Margaret Maliphant, setting out with the professed intention to shine as a good daughter and a good sister, presently develops a vein of reckless selfishness, a sullen pride, a fierce ill-temper, and a faculty of cruel and treacherous deceit, which are the supposed fruits of hastily falling in love with a man who is not at all in love with her. She is altogether rude, violent, and unladylike, out of mere egotism, conceit, and passionate perverseness. Such a character might perhaps be studied profitably in a tale narrating her behaviour from an external observer's point of view; but its exhibition in the autobiographical form is almost odious; and it is not the less so while she claims regard for a few superior personal qualities. To be active and brave in scampering around her father's farm on the verge of Romney Marsh, and helpful in the dairy and the poultry-yard, and in keeping his accounts; to be a bold and skilful horsewoman, and to be acquainted with all the beasts and birds and plants of her native rural district, are commendable accomplishments for an English country girl. But they do not atone for unmaidenly forwardness and presumptuous interference with the affairs of her elders; still less for practising small sly dodges to elicit an offer of love from Trayton Harrod; and, least of all, for the desperate expedient of malignant jealousy, when she falsely tells him that her sister Joyce is engaged to Captain Forrester. A heroine who conducted herself in this manner ought not to be allowed to tell her own story through three entire volumes, because it is difficult to have patience with anybody talking at great length of having done, said, and felt so many shameful things. Poor pretty Joyce, whom Margaret affects to manage and patronise, and who is meek and gentle, becomes her suffering victim, falling at first into the snare of a mistaken attachment to a gay and handsome idler, a sporting military gentleman who flatters her eccentric father by pretending to advocate his Socialist schemes; and finally succumbing to the grim ascendancy of Harrod, the stalwart scientific bailiff, who domineers over the whole family by sheer force of will. It is a very odd group of figures to be found dwelling together in a sequestered rustic neighbourhood, somewhere near Rye, in the south-east corner of Sussex; and the modest friendliness of the Squire, a widower of middle age, who has a mind to choose one of the farmer's two daughters for his wife, but conceals his choice a great while for fear of giving pain to the other, is also a singular ingredient of the local society. The character of Mr. Laban Maliphant, the dismal father, is eccentric if not original: but a half-bankrupt tenant farmer in these days, figuring as Socialist Democratic orator, and wasting his time and money in founding an institution in London, through the touch-and-go agency of Frank Forrester, could not possibly thrive, apart from his rash experiments in hop-growing and costly waterworks for the benefit of his neighbours. In some pictures of the landscape scenery, which has its peculiar charms of spacious verdure, wide-open sky, and an extensive line of low seashore, we recognise much truth and force of descriptive writing. Of Miss Margaret, with her troublesome sentiments and emotions, her mad exploits in the field and on the road, the reader becomes extremely tired.

BEHIND THE HILLS.

"What for are you gentlemen sitting here this forenoon? The rain is clearing away, and the burn will be just in fine order."

The landlord is right. Even from the inn windows here the clouds can be seen rising upon the hills, and the burn yonder below the hazels swirling down in capital trim. It is no morning to spend indoors, even over the tender and beautiful story of "Lorna Doone." Out with the rods, therefore, and let us be off. Before long the sun will be blazing, the spate fallen, and not a trout to be caught between this and the sea.

How rain adds to the witchery of a Highland glen! Before breakfast, a couple of hours ago, while the sunshine was still unclouded, the hills round the little strath here, afame with the heather in bloom, rose silent like the purple-hung walls of some great queen's chamber, roofed with a shimmering silken canopy of blue. Then the clouds gathered and the shadows came; and amid the darkness nothing was to be heard except the rustling of the mountain birches as they swayed and whispered in the rain. And now that the deluge has ceased and the sun is coming out again, the rain-showers go trailing down the strath like the silvery veils of some fair bride-maids.

Joyously everywhere the little birds are twittering after the storm, and the small brown pippits flitting out and in by the wayside shake from the hedge-sprays here and there a shower of sparkling crystals. The hills on every side are musical with falling waters, and from the narrow fertile strath in the valley bottom comes up faintly the plaintive Gaelic of the reaper-girls waist-deep in the yellow corn. Already the roads are growing dry and white in the sunshine, and under the edge of the oak coppice there is a pleasant flickering of leafy shadows. The whole scene might be a picture of peace—the shaggy Highland cattle, red and dark brown, shaking the flies from their ears in the sunny green corner here by the road, and the scattered sheep, with their lonely "Baa!" moving slowly, dim white dots, away on the mountainside. Only, look yonder, far up in the blue heaven above the head of the glen—a single sailing flake of shadow—hangs the element of tragedy. It is a golden eagle. There is no retreat on earth, however, altogether free from the chance of sorrow. Nor would it be well if there were. Even in Eden itself the fatal tree of knowledge day by day casts around it the shadow of the hours. He is a churl who has not discovered that there is a touch of sadness somewhere in the story of every life; and he is a greater churl who is not made gentler to his fellows by the discovery.

Everywhere in the glen here, the poised eagle notwithstanding, there are delights for sense and spirit—mountains of amethyst and meadows of golden corn; the honey-fragrance of the heather and the memory-haunting perfume of the peat. The touch of the sweet hill air itself even upon cheek and lip brings with it a pure exhilaration of thought, while the breathing of it gives a chivalrous thrill to the blood which is felt nowhere except among the mountains. Here surely, sighs the jaded citizen, mindful of weary miles of pavement and the ceaseless roar of traffic, would be the place for an ideal existence. Here, with a few books and a little friendship, might surely be found that simple peace which was man's natural heritage before his heart was soiled with the smoke of cities, and his eyes jaundiced by the glitter of yellow coin—the peace which all men sigh for, and few are wise enough to choose.

Some, nevertheless, there have been, once and again, who have elected to turn aside from the beaten and futile track, and to return to the long-forsaken wells of simple pleasure. And in the glen here it was that one of these made his home. He was an artist, and of some distinction in the painters' world; but—there was a shadow on his life. Once, in the feverish years which all youth passes through, he had done a grievous wrong—wrong to a woman. A village girl, comely with the freshness of the open fields, she was by no means his equal; nevertheless, to right the wrong as far as might be, he married her. And so he came here, and—more than mere sullen fulfilment of duty—set himself by gentle service to win his partner to his own level. A man of many parts, he was an artist in a further sense than as the mere handler of palette and brushes. Life itself he sought to treat with an artistic touch: not merely its apparel and surroundings—that is common enough—but its manners and spirit. Like Richard Jefferies in his strange "Story of My Heart," he believed it the duty of each man, to some extent at least, to improve his physical and spiritual nature, and so to hand on a possibility of nobler existence to his successors. A student of civilisation he called himself. For men of his type modern literature has invented the name of idealist. Poor fellow! he was of the sort who act as leaven in the world: a warm-hearted enthusiast, full of infinite variety, in happier circumstances he might have done great things. As it was, people said that he had thrown himself away. Perhaps he had, but, if he ever thought so himself, he never whispered it. While one after another of his friends stepped on to place and position, he remained the simple artist, living the life he had set himself to, among the hills.

No better companion could have been had for a country walk. One caught fire strangely from the glow of his enthusiasm, and strange new possibilities of life began to appear in the light of his ideas. It was only last summer, wandering down this mountain-road, while the sunset was flooding the blue loch in the distance below with a sultry glory of bronze, that he touched on one of his favourite theories. "Art," he said, "might be futile: the artist, notwithstanding every effort, might, after all, fail of his purpose—might fail to open to other eyes the inner beauty of nature and of life. His pictures, at the best, must fade in time, and his art pass away. Meanwhile, it was possible for him to put in practice something of his own ideals, to realise in his own case something of the beauty of life which he strove to teach to others by his art."

Alas for the idealist! Was it the hidden tragedy of the real life which made the unreal appear so beautiful? One could not but think of the thoroughbred dreaming of the far-off desert while yoked to draw in the dull load-wain. So sad it seems that thus dearly the sons of art should "learn in sorrow what they teach in song." Heavy, however, though the burden must sometimes have been, the lips of the dreamer here never opened on his heart-ache. Never did his most intimate friend hear from him a sigh for what might have been. In word always, and even in thought, it was evident that, as a true man should be, he was loyal to his wife.

Back among the birches under the mountainside, here stands his cottage; and last night, on revisiting the neighbourhood, it was no more than an ordinary courtesy to call. The house was closed meantime. Only an old gardener remained about the place; and, though somewhat deaf, he was willing enough to answer inquiries. Strange we had not heard the news. "Mr. —— died six months ago." "And his wife?" "She married Sir John's forester last week."

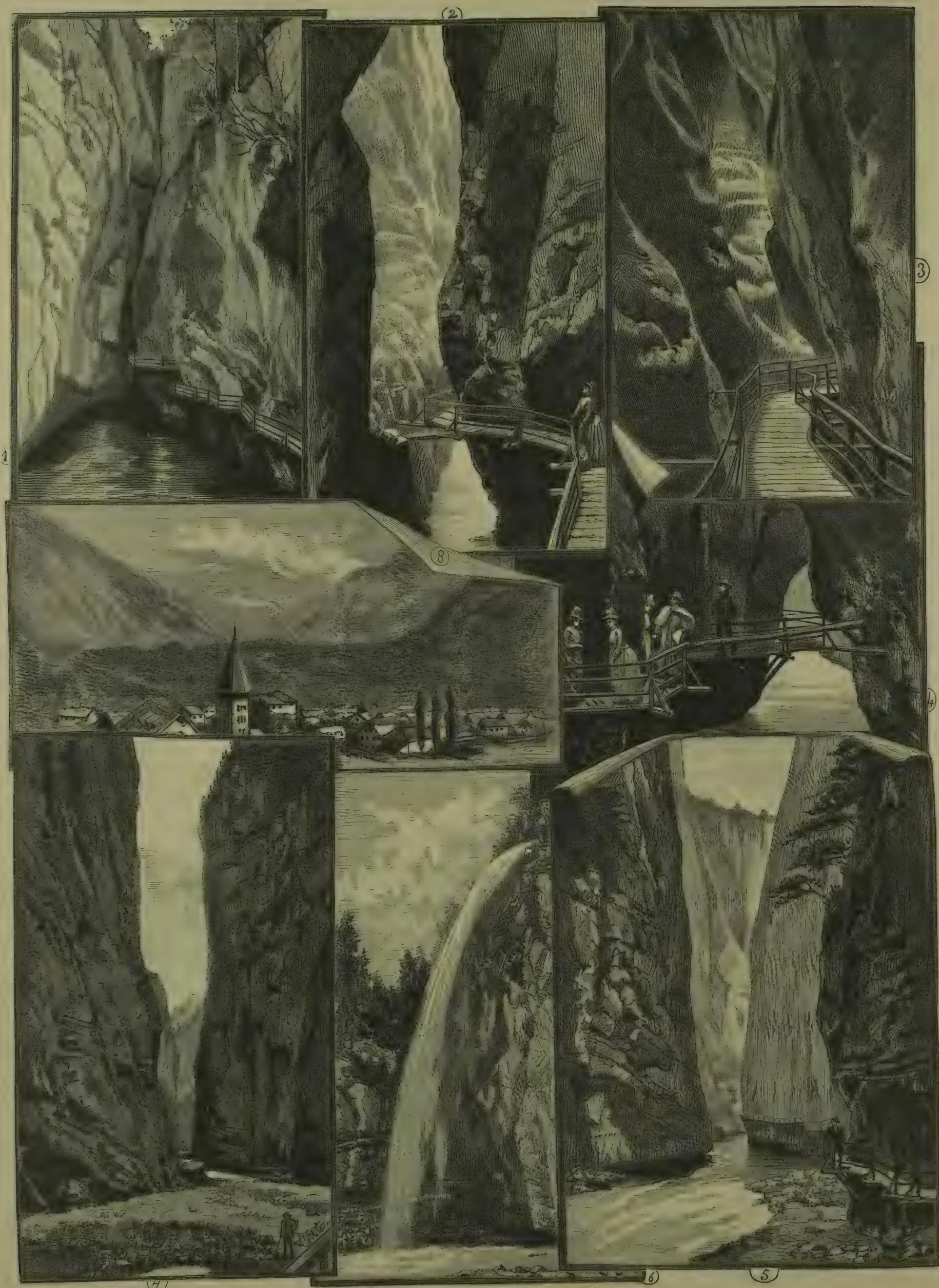
G. E.-T.



1. Cockney tourists have donned the kilt : they buy a set of bagpipes.
2. And bear them off in triumph.
3. Attempt to play: chanters and drones get rather mixed.

4. Directions : "Ye'll jist pit a guld blow intil them, set them under one arm, an' gie them a wheeze."
5. Uncarithly scream. 6. Sudden collapse.

7. It knocks him down.
8. Rescued from suffocation.
9. "No more of the bagpipes for me!"



1. Entrance to the Gorge.
2. The Grosse Enge.

3. Higher up the Grosse Enge.
4. A Narrow Gangway.

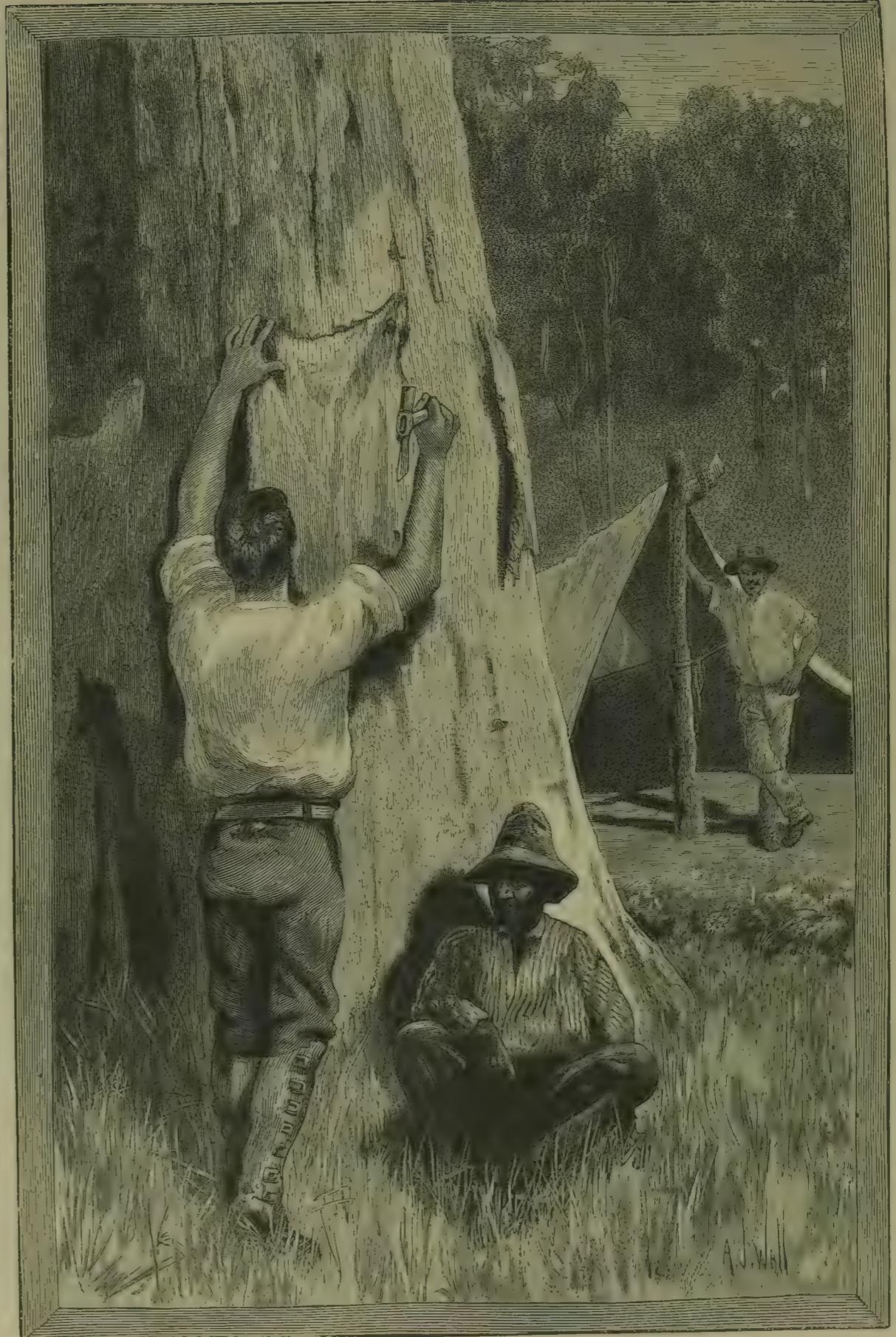
5. The Passage opens wider.
6. The Schräibach Waterfall.

7. Upper Outlet of the Aar-Schlucht.
8. Village of Meiringen.

SKETCHES IN THE AAR-SCHLUCHT, MEIRINGEN, SWITZERLAND.



BEAR-HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.



HANGING UP SKINS TO DRY.

THE AAR-SCHLUCHT AT MEIRINGEN.

At the upper end of the Lake of Brienz, where the Brünig Pass admits the road from Lucerne, which was described and illustrated in this Journal upon the occasion of opening a new railway through the valley of Sarnen, the Hasli Thal, an interesting valley sequestered among wooded mountains, and overlooked by snowy Alpine peaks, allows the river Aar to flow into the lake. Its chief village is Meiringen, with nearly 3000 inhabitants, a place worthy of being visited by tourists, from which excursions can be made to the Rosenlau glacier, the Scheidegg, and farther on the road to Grindelwald. The Falls of the Reichenbach, near the village, are a beautiful sight; but the narrow gorge between lofty and precipitous rocks, called the Aar-Schlucht, through which the Aar rushes beneath the hill of Kirchet, presents features of a striking character, hitherto not adequately described in the ordinary guide-books. Miss Hooper, whose sketches are reproduced in our Engravings, having visited the Aar-Schlucht since its interior recesses were made accessible to foot-passengers last year, by the construction of a wooden gallery or gangway along the side of the formidable chasm, is able to furnish a more exact account.

A little way out of Meiringen, on the road up the valley, just past the Hôtel Reichenbach, a newly made path across the fields leads to the river bank; there it ascends straight up to the rocky cliff of the Kirchet, to the point where the torrent dashes out from a narrow cleft. The path takes you as far as it can go to the face of the rock, and is then continued, along the perpendicular rock wall, by a wooden footway, three or four feet wide, supported on iron brackets driven into the face of the rock. As you advance the chasm narrows and deepens; the sky is a narrow strip far above your head; at times the water-worn rock bends over in strange parallel curves, which seem to meet like a vault. The air is chill as in a cavern, drops fall from the overhanging rocks, and the torrent dashes below your feet, scooping out its stone wall, in curves, ever farther from the light of day. A very short way from the entrance, you come to the narrowest part of the gorge, called the Kleine Enge, or "Little Strait," where the space between the precipices is only three or four feet. The footway here bridges the chasm, its iron supports resting on both sides; the river roaring in its narrow bed ten or twelve feet beneath, and the cliff top being several hundred feet above you. The path follows a winding and zigzag course, and there are strange recesses, holes, grottoes, "pots," and niches in the rock above and below. Presently the gorge widens out, the gallery is carried along one side, and the river is again visible. At some distance farther on, after winding round corners, affording some glimpses of its course before and behind you, comes another narrow part, the Grosse Enge, from which the Sketch is taken, just where the gallery turns the corner to enter the "Strait." The precipices being here again within a few feet of each other; the footway bridges the chasm, and at times the traveller of ordinary height must bow his head, so sharply the rock curves out above him; the daylight is half shut out, and the ear is filled with the noise of the roaring torrent reverberating in a confined space. After this the Schlucht widens out again; the gallery is carried along the left bank of the river, and drops to a path, along a sort of shore for some distance. Here a bright little fall, called the Schräibach, springs out halfway up the cliff on the right bank, almost facing the course of the river, and pours into the troubled flood beneath. A good-sized semicircular hollow in the cliff is called "The Smithy," having been actually used as such during the construction of the gallery: it is now filled with wooden benches, on which you can sit and look at the gloomy upper entrance of the Grosse Enge, the shining sunlit curve of the Schräibach, and above them the blue sky and bright green of the trees and bushes of the outer world at the cliff's top far overhead. As the gallery begins again a little farther on, the ravine remains wider, and is finally left by steps which lead to the rocky cleft of a dry watercourse, by which the summit of the hill can be reached.

The projectors of the gallery first explored the scene of their future labour in a boat, but that was in the winter, when the water is low and the rush of the current slackened; for at other seasons no boat could make its way among those tortuous curves and not be dashed to pieces, or sucked into some undercut hollow of the rock, in anything like a full stream. One of the chief promoters of this work was the well-known Swiss guide Melchior Anderegg, who, with Johann Bergen and others, obtained from the Government authority to carry their plan into execution, formed a company, and got the work done in about two months, employing thirty men. Of course there are previous examples of such galleries in Switzerland, and possibly in other countries, notably the Tamina Gorge and hot-springs of Pfäffers; but no other is of so great a length, and in quite so difficult a position, as that of the Aar. It seems probable that the Aar-Schlucht was hewn out in these rocks by a glacier-stream flowing beneath the vast icefield that may probably have covered the whole valley at the termination of the Glacial Epoch. Gorges of a similar appearance, though lesser, may be observed in front of the retreating ice at the lower glacier of Grindelwald, and again at Rosenlau.

BEAR-HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

The Australian koala, or native bear, has its favourite haunts in the gigantic eucalyptus-trees, in which, the colour of its fur being so like that of their bark, it is not, when at any great height, easily distinguishable from it. It lives mainly upon the tender shoots and buds, climbs with great rapidity, and clings to the bark with wonderful tenacity; the females, while climbing, carrying their young upon their backs. They are destroyed in great numbers for the sake of their hides, and the way in which some of the bushmen pursue them, by cutting notches in the bark and digging their toes therein, in emulation of the black natives, is not one of the least wonderful things in the colony. The bear's cry of distress, when in danger, is curiously like that of a terrified baby. In size they are small, and resemble the sloth-bear species, so common in the jungles of India. This animal, as well as the kangaroo, opossum, and other quadrupeds indigenous to Australia, belongs to the marsupial order.

The Mayor of Leeds has received a communication from Colonel North stating that he has acquired the manorial rights over Holbeck Manor, and intends to offer them to the Leeds Corporation, in order that the use of the same may be secured to the public as a recreation ground. Twelve months ago Colonel North bought Kirkstall Abbey and grounds for £10,000, and presented the property to the Corporation for the use of the people. Colonel North is a native of Holbeck.

In answer to a question put by Mr. L. L. Dillwyn, in the House of Commons, on July 30, Lord G. Hamilton stated that fuel of a uniform quality is always used in carrying out the speed trials of her Majesty's ships. The coal which has been used for this purpose by the Admiralty, since 1883, has been Harris' Deep Navigation (Welsh) Coal. Its evaporative power is about 10.25 lb. of water per lb. of coal, being the highest evaporative power of any Welsh coal.

CHESS.

G. S. HOARE (Bridport).—We cannot answer by post. The third and fourth volumes of "Morgan's Shilling Library" contain a selection of eighty-four games from the American Tournament, but the complete book of the Congress does not appear till next year. The work will be edited by Mr. Steinitz, and issued to subscribers only.

SYDNEY MEYMOFF.—We like your problem, and will keep it for further consideration.

ALPHA AND R. WORTERS.—Your favourable criticism is well deserved.

G. J. VEALE.—You are not the only one who caught a Tartar. Many experienced solvers have not shown up at all!

B. D. KNOX.—Solutions must reach us by the Thursday of one week to be acknowledged on the Saturday of the following week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2368 received from John G. Grant, Echo, F. Beadle and P. Unwin; of No. 2369 from John G. Grant, B. D. Knox, and P. Unwin; of No. 2370 from Hermit, W. H. Reed, Isomony, E. St. J. Crane, Delta, A. Becliger, Emil Frau, J. C. Ireland, and C. Etherington.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2371 received from G. J. Veale, E. E. H., R. H. Brooks, Fr. Fernando, E. Loudon, T. Roberts, T. G. Ware, J. C. Taylor, Dr. F. St. J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. Railton, R. W. Worts (Canterbury), and Alpha.

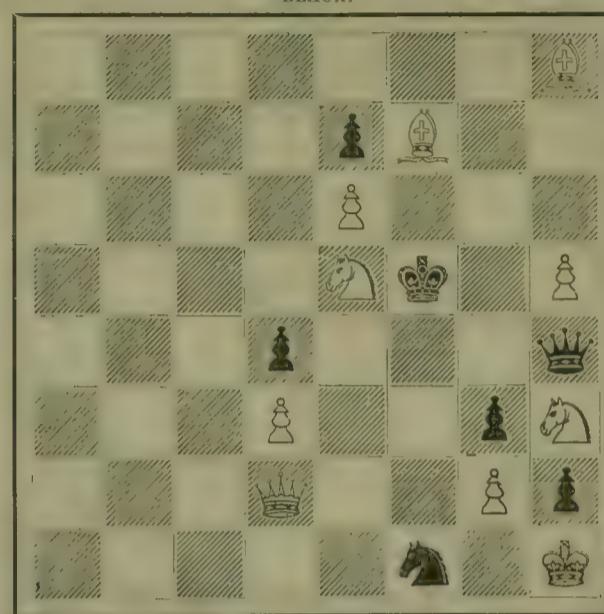
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2369.—By B. W. LA MOTHE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to B 2 Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2373.

By K.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

AMSTERDAM TOURNAMENT.

Game played between Messrs. BAUER and VAN VLIET.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	23. B to Q 5th	B to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. P takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	25. Q to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	26. R to Q sq	P to R 4th
5. B takes Kt	B takes B	27. Kt to Kt sq	K R to K sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	28. Q to B 3rd	P to K 5th
7. Kt takes P	Castles	29. R P takes P	R P takes P
8. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	30. P to B 4th	B to K 3rd
9. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	31. Kt to R 3rd	Takes B

It is usual to play the B. in this opening, to Q Kt 2nd; but the text move seems to be quite sound, if not preferable.

10. Q to B 2nd B to K 2nd
11. Castles (Q R) P to B 4th
12. Kt to Kt 3rd B to Q 3rd
13. B to B 4th P to K Kt 3rd
14. P to Q R 3rd Q to B 3rd

The Queen is well placed here, resting undisturbed till nearly the end of the game, when it awakens to activity with great effect.

15. Q R to K sq K to Kt 2nd
16. P to K R 4th P to K 4th

Black now gets rid of a weak Pawn, and improves his position by the compulsory exchanges which follow.

17. P takes P There is nothing better; as Black threatens P to K 5th.

18. Kt takes Kt Kt takes P
19. Q to Q 2nd B takes Kt
20. P to B 4th Q R to Q sq
21. Kt to K 2nd P to Q 3rd
22. Kt to Kt 5th P to B 4th

White evidently intended 22. Kt to Q 4th, followed by, 23. Kt to K 6th, B takes Kt; 24. R takes B, with a very strong attack.

23. P to R 5th P to Q Kt 4th

Black has now obtained a strong counter-attack.

24. P to K Kt 3rd Q R to K sq
25. Kt to Kt 5th

White does not seem to see his danger: he should have played K R to Q sq.

26. R to K 7th

Bad: but the best at White's command. If Q to Kt 3rd, Black replies with R (from Q sq) to Q 6th, and wins.

27. R takes R Q takes P (ch)
28. K to Q 2nd Q to K 8th (ch)
29. K to Q 2nd B takes P (ch)

Well played, bringing matters at once to a crisis. Black now wins the Q by force.

30. P takes B R to Q sq (ch)
31. Kt to K 2nd Q to B 7th (ch)
32. Kt to K 5th R to K sq (ch)
33. K to Q 2nd Q to K 8th (ch)
34. K to R 2nd R to K 7th
35. K to R 7th (ch) K to Kt sq
36. Q takes R Q takes Q (ch)
37. K to Kt 3rd Q to Kt 5th (ch)

And White resigns.

CHESS IN DUBLIN.

Game played at the Clontarf Chess Club between Mr. C. DRURY and

Miss MARY RUDGE.

(Hungarian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Miss R.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Miss R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Looks threatening, but by no means good, as Queen must retire next move, followed by loss of King's Pawn.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	29. K to R sq	
3. B to B 4th	B to K 2nd	30. Q to Kt 4th	Q takes P
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	31. Kt takes P	
5. P to Q 3rd	Castles	An unnecessary sacrifice: Q R to K sq best. If Black replies with B takes Kt, then 32. Kt to Q 4th; Q to Kt 4th; 33. Q takes B, Q takes Q; 34. Kt takes B, and White would be minus a P only.	
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	32. Q to R 5th (ch) K to Kt sq	
7. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th	33. B takes P	Q to Kt 2nd
Counting an exchange; but causes loss of time, as Bishop escapes at K 5th.			
8. B to Q Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	34. B to B 2nd	Q to R 3rd
9. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd	35. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd
10. B to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	36. Kt to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd
11. B to Kt 5th	P takes P	37. Q R to Q sq	P to B 3rd
12. B takes Kt	B takes B	38. B to B 5th	Q to R 5th
13. P takes P	Q to K 2nd	39. Q to K 2nd	Q R to K sq
14. Kt to R 3rd	Q R to Q sq	40. K to Q B 2nd	R to K 6th
15. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	41. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 3rd
16. P to K 4th	P takes P	42. Q R to K sq	K takes B
17. R takes P	B to Kt 4th	43. Q takes Kt	K R to K sq
18. K R to B sq	Kt to K 4th	44. K takes R	R takes R
19. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	45. Kt to Q 4th	
20. Kt to B 2nd	Kt to B 5th	The turning-point in Black's favour, who announced mate in three moves.	
21. Q to B 3rd	Q to K 4th		
22. Kt to Q 4th	P to Kt 4th		
23. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd		
24. K to R sq	P to Q B 4th		
25. Kt to Kt 4th	Q to B 2nd		
26. P to K 5th	P to B 5th		
27. B to B 2nd	B to Q 3rd		
28. Q to B 5th	P v. Kt 3rd		
29. Kt to B 6th (ch)			

The entries for the competitions between Metropolitan clubs number six in the senior section and thirteen in the junior.

Mr. W. W. Morgan sends us the fourth volume of "Morgan's Shilling Library," which contains a further selection of games played in the New York Tournament. Those of the Breslau Congress are promised in a future volume.

The Sussex Chess Association report that the past year has been one of unusual success. Its membership increased by over one hundred, and a general interest in its proceedings was spread throughout the county. Not a little of this prosperity is due to the zeal and energy of its Hon. Sec., Mr. H. W. Butler, whose services have been fittingly recognised by the presentation of a set of ivory chessmen at the last general meeting of the association.

The Plymouth Chess Club also reports a prosperous year. Mr. T. Winter Wood is re-elected President and Mr. Carslake W. Wood Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

HARVEST IN NORWAY.

The Norwegian "bonder," or peasant, the owner of the land which he cultivates, is one of the most careful, industrious, and honest examples of the class of agriculturists in Europe; but the poverty of the soil, except in a few highly favoured districts, forbids him to be rich. Little corn is grown, beyond small crops of rye, oats, and barley: the chief produce is hay, to which every patch of ground, between the rocks and bushes, that will yield a little grass is usually devoted. It is mown, in such places, with a diminutive one-handed scythe, where the big scythe used on a broad English meadow would not find space for a good sweep. The grass, scanty and of varying lengths of stalk, is put on queer carts or sledges, very long and narrow, drawn by one or two ponies, and is carried away to be hung on rails, for drying in the wind and sun, before it can be stored in a great hay-loft above the stable or cowshed, instead of being made into a hayrick, as in our climate. Sometimes, also, there is an inclined plane of planks, by which the pony draws the hay-cart up into the loft, where it is unloaded under cover of the roof. But, in bringing the newly cut grass down from the summit of the field, carts are not always employed, for there are many grassy bits of ground far aloft on the steep sides of cliffs, from which huge bundles of grass or half-dried hay are let down by a rope, with a sliding pulley travelling along a tight cable, stretched obliquely from the summit of the hill to the valley below. Still more remote from the farmstead is the "saeter," or mountain pasture, where cows, sheep, and goats are kept during the summer, tended by some of the family, or by farm-servants, living in small huts of stone and turf, as is done in the Swiss Alpine districts. The proper farmhouse and its outbuildings, dairy, barns, and cattle-sheds, in a more sheltered situation in the valley, will be more substantial and commodious, usually constructed of timber and roofed with tiles or slate. These roofs, however, in time become overgrown with moss and creeping plants, which give a picturesque aspect to the Norwegian rustic dwelling.

MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts at the Royal Italian Opera House and Her Majesty's Theatre are still pursuing a successful course. At Covent-Garden, since the proceedings already recorded, the programmes have included the co-operation of several distinguished vocalists and instrumentalists. The latest classical night comprised performances of the overture to "Der Freischütz," a symphony of Haydn, and an arrangement (by Mr. W. T. Best) of a minuet of Handel. Miss Josephine Lawrence's artistic rendering of Chopin's first pianoforte concerto was a feature of the instrumental selection. The anniversary of the battle of the Alma was celebrated on Sept. 20 by a grand military selection, a special feature in the programme having been Jullien's British Army Quadrilles. Among the names of vocalists announced during recent evenings were those of Mr. Sims Reeves, Mesdames Valleria, Sterling, Rose Hersee, and Belle Cole; Misses Nikita and Doria; and others of celebrity.

At Her Majesty's Theatre there was also a military night on Sept. 20, in commemoration of the battle of the Alma; the programme having, like that at Covent-Garden Theatre, included the British Army Quadrilles. On the previous evening the programme comprised several extracts from Wagner's works. The March from "Rienzi," the Prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," and that to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the overture to "Tannhäuser" were effectively rendered by the band; Señor Albeniz having played pianoforte transcriptions of pieces from Wagner's operas. Vocal solos from other composers were contributed during the evening by Misses A. Marriott and H. Wilson and Mr. A. Marsh; and M. Marteau's skilful violin-playing was a feature in the programme. The third of the "Plebisite" programmes at Her Majesty's Theatre was rendered on Sept. 21, when the recorded votes were: for the March from "Tannhäuser," 4165; the Overture to "Semiramide," 5912; Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, 3792; a selection from "Carmen," 5894; Waldteufel's "Christmas Roses" waltz, 4018; and Mr. Solomon's "Her Majesty's Lancers" quadrilles, 5211. In addition to these pieces there were other effective performances, including solos brilliantly executed by Señor Albeniz on the pianoforte, and by M. Marteau on the violin—Misses Gomez and Leo, Mr. M'Kay and Mr. C. Manners, having been the vocalists of the evening. The directors of the Haymarket Promenade Concerts—in order to encourage unknown English composers—have offered a prize of fifty guineas for the best orchestral suite, and one of ten guineas for the best waltz.

It is stated—on authority—that the Novello Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall will not be resumed this year.

Dr. Langdon Colborne, organist of Hereford Cathedral, died recently. He was a musician of considerable attainments, and, in addition to his regular duties as the Cathedral organist, acted as conductor of the three-cho



HARVEST IN NORWAY.

ABOUT FAME.

Fame may be, as Milton said, the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is also sought after eagerly by men whose minds are not particularly noble. Women rarely suffer from the complaint; but every young man who is conscious of mental power, or who has persuaded himself that he is not a fool, hopes to leave his mark on the world before he dies. He does not like to think that he will live out his little day earning money, marrying, giving dinners, starting his children in life, and then sinking into oblivion, or but faintly remembered by friends for a few years before the summons comes for them, and they too pass away. Must the sole record of his having lived and died be the inscription on his tombstone? Is there nothing which he can do to earn a place in the proud temple of fame? These are the questions asked; but the wish to have a name that the world, to quote Milton again, will not willingly let die is in most cases far stronger than the power to achieve a lasting reputation.

The poets have always cherished the belief that, if other men "make their bed in the darkness," their verses will enable them to live in the broad sunshine of fame. "Non omnis moriar," said Horace, and in one form or another our great English poets have expressed a similar hope. Spenser, who wrote of Chaucer as worthy to be filed "on Fame's eternal beadroll," cherished a like expectation for himself. His verse, he writes, shall surely live for ever—

For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay;
But wise words taught in numbers for to run
Recorded by the Muses live for aye—

and in the dedication of the "Faerie Queene" to Queen Elizabeth, Spenser says that his poem will live with the eternity of her fame.

Shakspeare, as every reader knows, writes in the same strain of assurance with regard to his poetical immortality—

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Browne, the pastoral poet, small though his claims may be in comparison with Shakspeare's, utters the same hope; and Drayton assures eternity to his ladye love when the "foolish painted things" that drive in coaches and "trouble every street"

Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings.
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding sheet.

Drayton's friend Daniel takes a similar view of the lasting life of song, and observes that when a poet's days end they are not done—

And though we die we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where others have but one.

Milton thought a great deal about fame, and, though he professed to be content with this little island as his world, shows in one of his sonnets how greatly he valued the applause of Europe.

The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart

says Young, and no poet ever panted after fame more, unless it were Pope, whose sole aim in life was to secure a literary reputation. "Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call," he said in verse; but poets feign in metre, according to Bacon, and Pope was an admirable feigner. Goldsmith was more frank, and

was always ready to acknowledge how dear fame was to him. Yet he would not have agreed with Johnson—and I am sure Pope would not—that it is well for an author that his book should be attacked as well as praised. "Fame," he said, "is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up it must be struck at both ends."

And here I may observe in passing that many young authors of our day illustrate the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, so eager are they to have their books noticed at any cost. Fame is no doubt sweet enough when it falls, as it were, into the lap; but to fuss about in search of it is undignified, and in most cases unsuccessful. When a man strives after it for the sake of someone whom he loves, the struggle may be praiseworthy. Love, indeed, is a strong incentive to ambition. Lord Byron, whose amazing popularity and influence in his own day can with difficulty be understood in ours, has expressed very happily this motive to exertion—

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

Byron, the least sincere of poets, probably meant what he said in the charming lyric from which I have quoted a stanza; but when he wrote—

What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper

one may be sure that the words do not contain the real sentiment of the writer. It is the poet's instinct to love fame. Southey hoped to leave a name behind that would not perish in the dust; and Wordsworth said, with a touch of exaggeration, that if his name might be numbered with the poets he would gladly end his mortal days. When Burns hoped that for dear old Scotland's sake he might sing a song at least, he kept back, I think, half the wish, for he must have desired to sing it also for his own sake.

Fame, to be of high worth, needs the judgment of years, and is of little stability until established by posterity. The most extravagant popularity has been lavished in their lifetime on authors whose volumes after their decease have been remembered only by bookworms. When Cowley died, in 1667, he was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, and regarded as one of the first poets of his country. Indeed, Milton is said to have ranked him with Spenser and Shakespeare as one of the three greatest English poets. Yet Pope in the early years of the eighteenth century could ask, Who now reads Cowley? and now-a-days, when almost every old poet figures in a modern dress, no popular edition of his works has been published. "In the development of English poetical taste," says Mr. Gosse, "in the middle of the seventeenth century, Milton took a part decidedly less prominent than Davenant," and, if there be a poet once famous whose works are now absolutely dead, it is the author of "Gondibert." Waller, again, in the reign of Charles II., was the most popular of poets, but he died to be forgotten, or to be remembered only by one or two lyrics.

Thomson's "Seasons" was at one time the most familiar of English poems, and was to be found in every cottage; but neither that poem nor the "Task," which some years later equalled it in popularity, is now famous in the widest sense of the term. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the uncertainty of fame, but it is unnecessary, for in every department of thought and action it is only the select few whose reputation instead of fading grows with the years.

The applause of a mob is worthless, as Shakspeare well

knew; and perhaps there is not a more striking illustration of the fickleness of a crowd than in his "Julius Caesar." "See what a number of people come to attend your triumph!" said a friend to Oliver Cromwell as he was passing Tyburn; and he replied, "More would come to see me hanged." The great Duke of Wellington was, as he well deserved to be, one of the most popular of Englishmen; and yet, after having rendered the most stupendous services to his country, he was at one time attacked by a mob and in imminent danger of his life. Indeed, as has happened before now, the man who is regarded as the saviour of his people one day may be considered, when he comes to die, as unworthy of Christian burial. I wonder how many of the visitors to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey who inspect the monuments that adorn (or disfigure?) the walls of those glorious churches can give, apart from what they read there, the briefest account of the men in whose honour those monuments have been raised? Fame, owing to indifference or bad memories, is wonderfully evanescent. We read of great deeds of valour, and speedily forget who performed them; of beneficent acts of legislation, and cannot, for the life of us, remember to whom we owe them! And, if we do give honour to some illustrious names, the world of which we know anything is but a small one. The soldier knows what great generals and military engineers have done, but to the artist or the astronomer these men are but names; the naturalist gives due fame to Linnaeus and Cuvier, and probably has slight esteem for Milton and Wordsworth. "Dr. Lindley," writes Crabb Robinson, "surprised me by saying he knew Goethe only as a botanist, in which character he thought most highly of him, he being the author of the 'New System of Botany!'" Dr. Johnson tells the story of a man in an inn kitchen asking the person next him if he knew who he was. "No, Sir," said the other; "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the great Twalmley who invented the new Floodgate Iron." Twalmley thought himself known to fame, and may have been so known in his own village or among his fellow-workmen; but reputation of this kind will exist upon one side of a street and be unknown upon the other.

After all, though moralists and philosophers may say a thousand wise things against the desire for fame as a stimulant to exertion, and though satirists may laugh at what is beyond their reach, men will struggle for it, and have been known to die for it. Something they must do for a name, and emulation, "the strongest pulse that beats in high minds," throbs also in the Smiths, Browns, and Robins whom we meet every day. There are people who, as they cannot win the smallest measure of fame, are vain enough to be pleased with notoriety, and prefer committing a crime that brings their names into the newspapers to the peaceful obscurity of virtue. To wish to be talked about is the mark of a vain and shallow nature, but it is a wish that can be always gratified at the expense of reputation.

It is scarcely necessary to add, since I am writing for wise people, that the worthiest fame is that which has its source in worthy deeds; such deeds as are done from the love of God and man, and without a thought of the reputation to be gained from them—

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

J. D.

Mr. James Moir, Writer, Glasgow, and member of the Faculty of Procurators, has been appointed Professor of Conveyancing in Glasgow University, in succession to the late Sir James Robertson.

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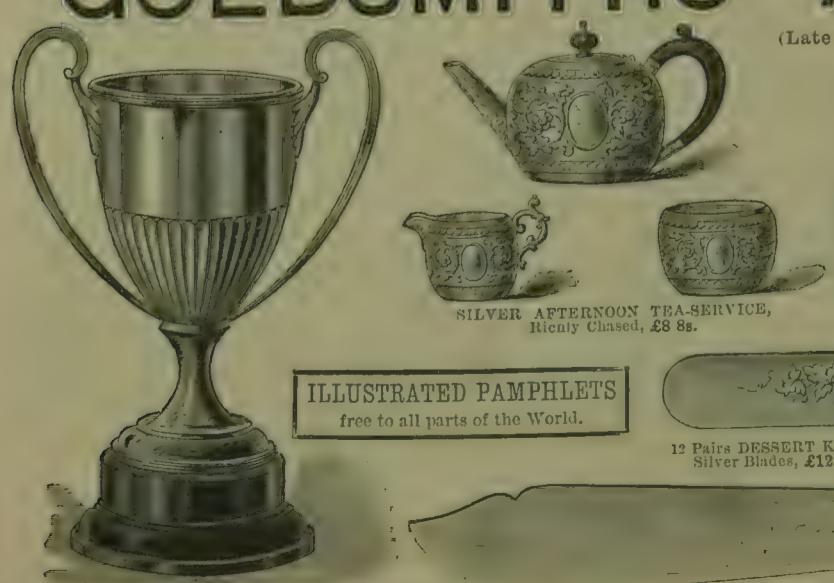
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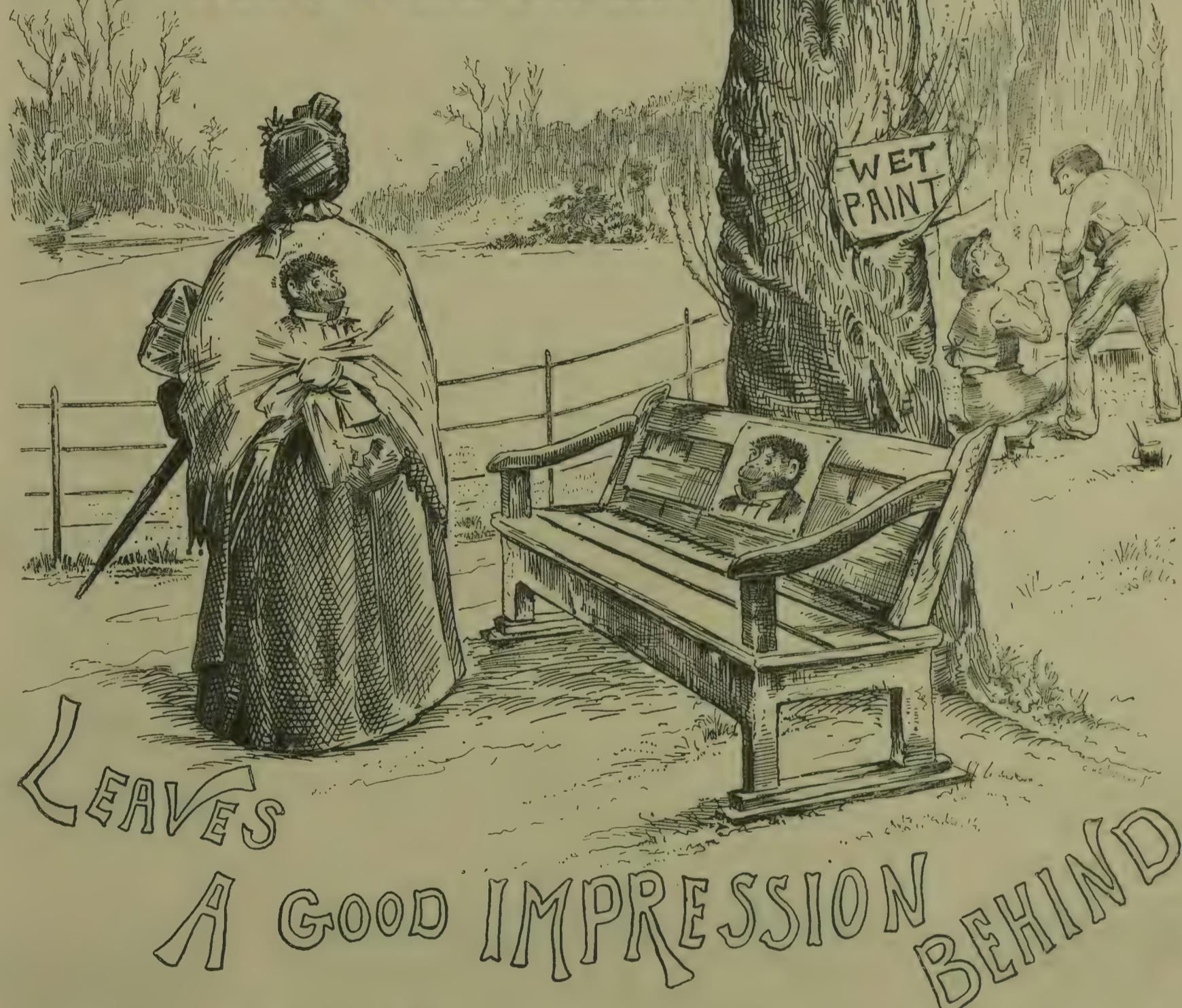


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Paris dressmakers and milliners are far less liberal in the display of their novelties to the casual passer-by than the London tradespeople are. Even in London, indeed, the greatest novelties are kept within, and displayed only to intending purchasers. But a sample or two of the novelties is sure to be placed on show in the windows. In Paris the tradespeople's jealousy of each other is so great that the advantages of an attractive exterior are deliberately sacrificed in order to guard against rivals reaping the benefit of new ideas. Most of the leading dress houses in Paris have no window display at all, and those which make any never have more than one or two gowns or bonnets visible.

I heard a funny true story lately of the rebuke politely given by a French manager to a lady whom he suspected (and rightly) of being the representative of a rival house on a hunt for "notions." Madame had closely inspected a mantle of marked originality and beauty of design, which was placed in the window of the establishment over which Monsieur presided; then she went away. Half an hour later, passing the place again by chance, she paused once more to revive her recollection. Almost immediately the shop door opened, and Monsieur appeared, carrying a chair, which he placed in front of the window with the most polite of bows, saying: "Will Madame give herself the trouble to sit down till she has finished stealing my design?"

It is yet a little early, too, for autumn fashions; but I have managed to obtain some advance information, notwithstanding all difficulties. As regards millinery, the hats are very flat-crowned, with broad brims in front, and much of the trimming is placed on the brim. These hats are intended to be worn quite towards the back of the head, so that the brim stands up from the centre of the crown like an aureole. But, so worn, they are fit only for fresh young faces, and even girls who may have thin cheeks and sharp outlines cannot profitably wear such head-gear. We usually modify in England any French fashions that we adopt, and our brims will probably be less wide and our crowns less shallow than the French models, so that the hat can be worn towards the forehead. Feathers, long ostrich plumes and curling tips both, are very much used on hats. There is no adornment more graceful for the head than the waving plume and the broad-edged hat. But in a climate like ours it is most unserviceable. The first damp or foggy day destroys the poor feather; it drags, soiled and limp, and hopelessly unwearable till it has been redressed. But every form of decoration returns to us in cycles, and the period of the ostrich feathers is coming round again.

Other new felt hats have a turban or round crown, with a brim variously and curiously pinched up against the crown. These are trimmed with ribbon exclusively, arranged in bows of clever devices suited to the shape of the brim. As to the bonnets, they appear likely to be almost flat on the head, slightly raised in front to allow of a little trimming under the brim. Low-lying capotes are also being prepared in velvet.

As regards dresses, the newest stuffs are always to be seen before any novelties in styles. Brocaded materials are to be a feature of the autumn and winter dress. The fashion of having the front of the dress different from the rest is to continue, for many rich fabrics have been prepared solely for that end. Brocaded velvet and silk fronts are to be used, it appears, with cloth, or serge, or plain velvet sides and backs to the skirts.

Full sleeves will be general—so much so that the new mantles are being made with full sleeves to fit over the dress ones. The coachman's cape, popular now as an autumn wrap, is appearing on the long mantles for winter. A coat with full sleeves, a loose front gathered into a corset belt, and a triple cape coming halfway down the arm, is decidedly a new-fashioned garment. The one that I saw made after this style was in grey house-flannel cloth, lined with pink silk. Another full-sleeved cape was in Gobelin blue brocaded woollen, with cuffs and collar and belt of velvet.

There seem to be more people in Paris in September than there were six weeks earlier. The highest number of visitors to the Exhibition was touched on the second Sunday in September, when there was a great army of more than 300,000 persons admitted. It is very interesting to see the country-women of the various provinces going about the Exhibition wearing their characteristic caps, and the working men of every grade in their blouses. Surely our working classes lose much in real dignity by the absence of any such costume in this country. They lose in cleanliness, that is quite certain. The newly washed blouse and the snowy cap—with its big frill, stiff with starch and goffered to perfection, or its large bow of set device—have an air of freshness and trimness which is the best of decoration. Then there is an absence of any pretence to be what they are not in this dress, which is surely the most self-respecting attitude of mind for working men and women. Set our farm labourers, clad in thick unwashable coats to do the dirtiest work, beside the French labourer in his clean blouse—or our factory girls in their big hats with dirty draggled feathers and ribbons against the French working-woman with her white muslin cap—and which is the better dressed can hardly be open to discussion. At every turn one sees these interesting figures. The traditional "old stocking" of the French peasant—the hoard that saved the country after the war—has been drawn upon for the great event of this Exhibition, and whole families, from the aged grandmother, with a brown withered visage like a medlar, down to the schoolboy in his little blouse, and his knickerbockers above his knees and his socks far below them, and his deep white turn-down collar, and his broad-brimmed straw hat, have all come together to see this new wonder of the world.

They are right, too, these thrifty people who are making a sacrifice to see the Exhibition. It will be long before so great a collection of all that is wonderful and beautiful will be again spread before mankind. People who have not been to Paris appear to fail altogether to realise the size and importance of the Exhibition. It occupies eighty-four acres of ground. At one end is the great gallery of machines, the largest arch ever constructed in one span and without central support. It is sufficiently wonderful to one unacquainted with engineering to see these vast metal beams supporting themselves, as it were in mid-air, and rising to a height which would allow the Vendôme Column, or two high houses placed one on top of the other, to stand in the centre without touching the roof. At the other extremity of the grounds is the handsome Palace of the Trocadéro, with its dome and its pillars of biscuit-coloured tiles. In the half-mile which intervenes between these two structures, there are innumerable buildings, dedicated, some to the various states or countries, others to classes of exhibits, and built in every material, every shape, and every colour conceivable.

Those two great galleries on either hand, with their handsome domes, are tiled with blue like that of the sky. Within them we shall find on the one side the most magnificent exhibit conceivable of the art of all nations. Here, in

the English section, is apparently every picture that has had a claim to special notice in the great galleries of London for ten years past. Here are Watts's "Uldra," "Love and Life," and "Hope"; Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua"; Leighton's "Captive Andromache"; two of Millais's masterpieces of portraiture; Calderon's exquisite "Venus in the Foam"; and fine examples of most of the other chief English painters, including, I am glad to see, a head from Mrs. Jopling's brush and Henrietta Rae's daring and successful "Ariadne." There is a vast display of living French art, so interesting in subject and so fearless in treatment that it absorbs one's mind utterly for the time. Then there is a "centenary exhibition of French art"; and other galleries devoted to the pictures of every civilised nation. One leaves this art palace at length, happy in the conviction that no nation except the French at all competes with the English display; and one passes under the dome, and finds oneself in the Industrial Art Galleries, to come to a like conclusion before the English shows of pottery, dress materials, steel articles, cotton goods, waterproofing manufactures, and the rest. It is a worthy display, that of our countrymen's work, and one is proud of it. Then, on the other hand, the corresponding long gallery contains tapestries, furniture, carpets, jewellery, textiles of every sort, means of lighting, musical instruments, and, in short, specimens of all that may be described as "Liberal Arts," from every civilised nation.

Leave these great galleries, and here, beneath the dominating shade of the graceful Eiffel Tower, are the pavilions of Chili, of Brazil, of Venezuela, of Bolivia, and of one and another of the States of which one has scarcely heard. But do not linger too long among these, for we have still to go for a quarter of a mile along the bank of the Seine, passing, on the way, the specimens of human habitations in all ages and races, from the cave-dwellers up to the ancient Romans, and the display of agriculture, to come to the interesting show, under the Invalides, of the French colonies, their people (to be seen in the flesh, alive), and their produce; and that of the Ministry of War, and that of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs; the section of hygiene; the "sliding railway," which is going to take us through space, by means of waterworks under the carriages, at a pace hitherto undreamed of; the food-stuffs; the "Children's Palace," full of toys; the petroleum, the electric exhibition, the insects. The—oh, dear! here is the end of my space, and I cannot so much as name the extraordinary variety of sections and headings of which this marvellous display consists!—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

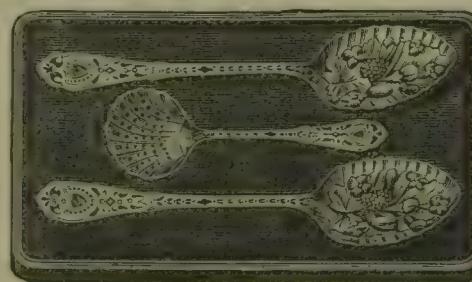
The coming of age of Lord Louth was celebrated at Louth Hall and on the estate on Sept. 24.

The Royal Humane Society announce the award of medals and testimonials in a supplemental list of cases of saving life submitted to the Council. A silver medal was awarded to Miss Sarah Hackett, for rescuing Miss Margaret Emmett, at Shankill, county Dublin. A bronze medal has been voted to Miss Mabel Bell, aged seventeen, for rescuing Miss Catherine Vincent, at Kingston, near Deal. Several other medals have been awarded, some to very youthful rescuers; and among the testimonials voted are two to ladies—one to Miss Maud Armitage, for rescuing a boy of twelve, in Port Erin Bay, Isle of Man; and the other to Miss Geraldine Pratt, for saving a girl from the river Bandon, at Innishowen. A testimonial for saving life has been presented to Mr. A. Holloway publicly, at Bletchley, by Mrs. Verney, Captain Verney, R.N., presiding.

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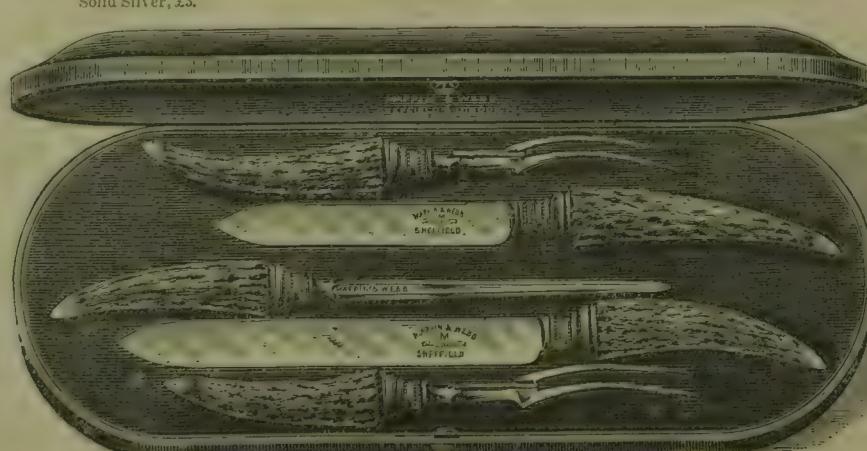
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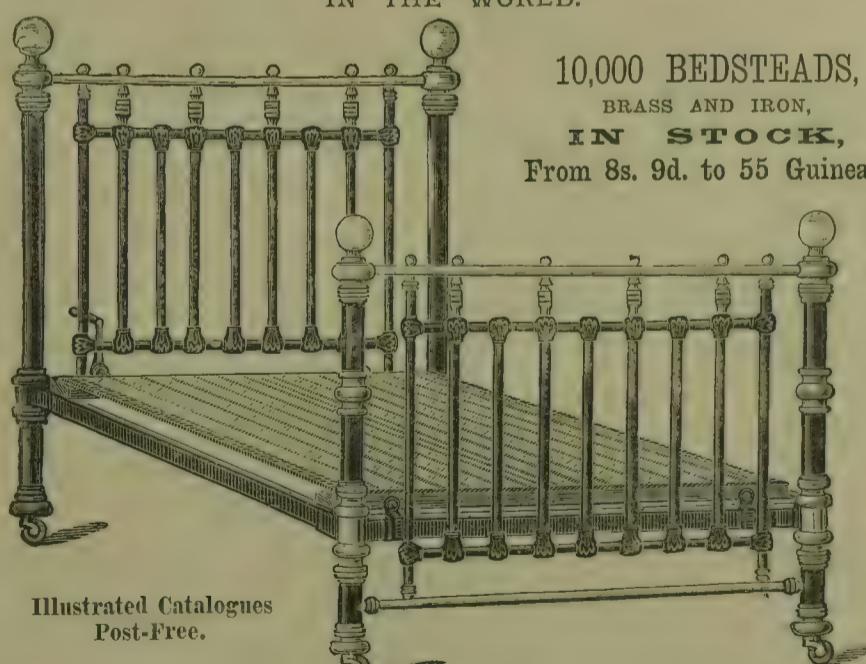
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1886) of Mr. Charles Paton Henderson, J.P., formerly of The Cedars, Didsbury, near Manchester, and late of Pine Cliff, Torquay, who died on July 28 last, at Bournemouth, was proved on Sept. 14 by Mrs. Mary Henderson, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1886), with a codicil (dated July 7, 1888), of Mr. Abraham Calovius Simpson, formerly of Tokenhouse-yard, afterwards of Hampton Park, near Hereford, and late of Anglesea Lodge, Ipswich, who died on July 6 last, was proved on Sept. 17 by Mrs. Anne Simpson, the widow, and Alexander Gibb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £47,000. The testator gives his books and certain portraits and manuscripts to his son Edmund Kidley Simpson; his freehold residence, Anglesea Lodge, with the household furniture and money in the house, and £1000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent Consolidated Stock to his wife; and £500 Five per Cent Argentine Bonds to his executor Mr. Gibb. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one-third for his wife for life, and then for his said son; as to another third, to pay the income to his wife for her and his son's use until the latter attains twenty-five, and then for his son; and as to the remaining third, the income of one moiety is to be paid to his sisters Mary Anne, Jessie, and Hannah Redford, and, on the death of the survivor, for his son; and the income of the other moiety is to paid to his brothers Robert and James, and, on the death of the survivor, for his said son.

The will (dated June 29, 1878), with a codicil (dated Aug. 9, 1879), of Mr. Iltid Thomas, J.P., late of Glanmor, Swansea, who died on Aug. 2, was proved in London on Sept. 11 by Mrs. Mary Dulcibella Thomas, the widow, the executrix for life, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator devises his farms of Coedbridwen and Waunfa to the use of his wife for life, and then to his children as she shall appoint. In default of appointment Coedbridwen is to go to his daughter Isabel, and Waunfa to his daughter Dulcibella. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife, upon trust, for his children as she shall by deed or will appoint, in such manner as she may deem best. In default of appointment he gives at

her death all his real estate to his son, Iltid Edward, and all his personal estate to his daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1878), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1884), of Mr. James Arthur Taylor, J.P., D.L., M.P. for East Worcestershire 1841-7, late of Strensham Court, Tewkesbury, Worcestershire, who died on June 14 last, was proved on Sept. 11 by William Francis Taylor, the brother, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his god-daughter, Lucy Dallas; £2500 each to his daughters Maria Louisa Dallas and Alice Taylor, conditionally on their respectively surviving him; £500 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Maria Theresa Taylor, in addition to the £1000 per annum secured to her by settlement; £1000 to his wife to purchase furniture for her use for life, then for his daughter Alice until her marriage, and then for his son Arthur James; certain linen, &c., wines and liquors to the value of £500, and his horses and carriages, to his wife; and his plate, books, furniture, and effects to go as heirlooms with Strensham Court. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated June 9, 1883), with three codicils (dated June 20, 1885; Nov. 20, 1886; and Oct. 8, 1887), of Mr. Joseph Weld, J.P., late of The Lodge, Lymington, in the county of Southampton, who died on July 13 last, was proved on Sept. 13 by Wilfrid Joseph Weld, the son, John Coventry jun., Miss Clare Mary Weld, the daughter, and Henry Joseph Weld, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator bequeaths £10 to be expended in bread to be distributed among the poor of East Lulworth; £1000 to his son Wilfrid Joseph and his son-in-law Mr. Coventry, to be applied, at their discretion, in support of the Roman Catholic Mission at Lymington; and various legacies, specific and pecuniary, to children. His freehold farm, Lisle Court, with the live and dead farming stock, and his freehold residence, The Lodge, he gives to his son Wilfrid Joseph. Out of the moneys in settlement he appoints £3000 each to his said son and to his daughter Clare Mary; and the remainder of the trust moneys under his marriage settlement to all his children, including Wilfrid Joseph and Clare Mary. All his property in New Zealand, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to his children.

The will of Mr. William Francis Roch, J.P., late of Butter-

hill, Pembrokeshire, who died on July 21 last, was proved on Sept. 16 by Mrs. Emily Catherine Roch, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6317.

The will of Lieut-General Charles Frederick Daniell, formerly Colonel of the 28th Foot, late of No. 8, Beaufort-gardens, Kensington, who died on July 26 last, was proved on Sept. 10 by Mrs. Mary Daniell, the widow, and Mr. John Henry Daniell, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1784.

The Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Richard Pigott, late of St. Michaels, Sandycombe-avenue, West Kingstown, in the county of Dublin, journalist, who died on or about March 1 last, at Madrid, a widower and intestate, granted at Dublin on July 31 last to Thomas Dagg, as the lawful attorney of James Stillie, a creditor, Joseph, Francis, John, and Richard Pigott, the children and only next-of-kin, being cited and not appearing, were resealed in London on Sept. 17. The gross value of the estate and effects amounts to £1005, and the separate value of the part in England to £100.

The international lacrosse-match England v. Ireland was played on Sept. 21 at Belfast, Ireland ultimately securing the victory by five games to four.

Winter is beginning to hoist his white flag. The summit of Snowdon and the higher mountain ranges of Carnarvonshire were thickly covered with snow on Sept. 22.

The Manchester Meeting came to a conclusion on Sept. 21 with the victory of the Duke of Portland's horse Donovan, which has added the rich Lancashire Plate to his former triumphs, and thereby has earned something like £55,000 in stakes alone for his master in eighteen months.

Presiding on Sept. 23 at the commencement of a course of lectures at Gresham College, Basinghall-street, in connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, the Lord Mayor spoke in terms of praise of the work which that society was doing. He trusted that Gresham College might become the great central body for the extension of University teaching within the metropolitan area. Mr. E. A. Parkin, M.A., late scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, gave a lecture on "Human Physiology."

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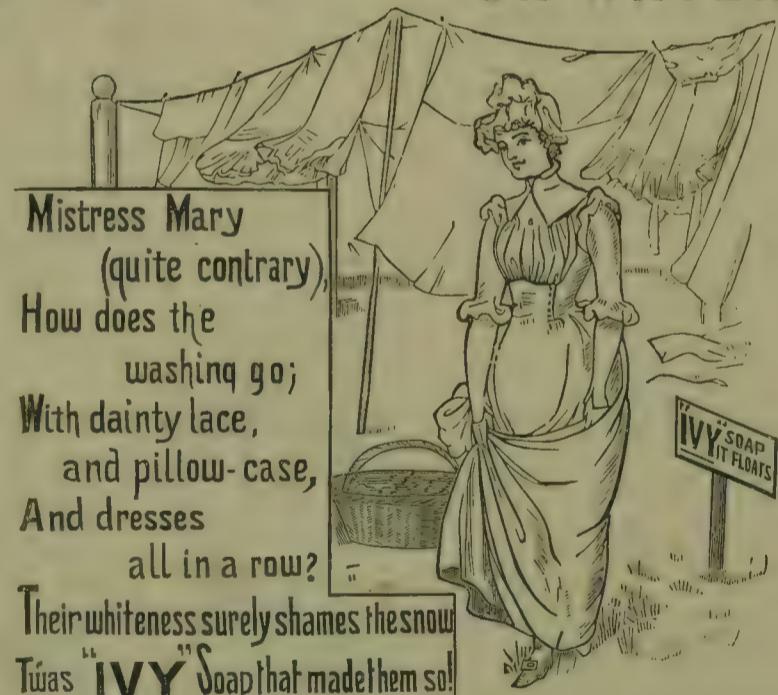
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FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Dalou's statue, the "Triumph of the Republic," was unveiled in Paris on Sept. 21, in the presence of M. Carnot, his Ministers, and all the principal authorities. The sculptor was publicly decorated with the Legion of Honour. At the inauguration of the Paris Bourse de Commerce on Sept. 24, M. Tirard, the Prime Minister, observed that peace at home was now assured, and there was nothing to give rise to fear that it would be disturbed abroad.—Particulars of the French elections are given on another page.

The Italian people on Sept. 20 celebrated, with the customary demonstrations, the nineteenth anniversary of the final completion of the unity of Italy. King Humbert has sent a message to the Syndic of Rome on the occasion, expressing his confidence that the Italians will be united if ever the unity of the Fatherland is threatened.

Following the advice of the physicians, King Luis, whose condition is improving, left Cintra on Sept. 23 for Cascaes, for a stay of some weeks. His Majesty was accompanied by all the members of the Royal family.

The German Emperor returned to Potsdam from the Hanoverian manoeuvres on Sept. 21; and on the following day, with his consort, paid a visit to the Empress Frederick, who returned to Berlin on that day from Copenhagen. The Emperor left for Hubertusstock, his shooting-box, on the 23rd. The Emperor has contributed £400 to the sufferers by the recent explosion at Antwerp.—Prince Bismarck, who celebrated on the 23rd the twenty-seventh anniversary of his appointment as Minister-President of the Prussian Cabinet, received from all parts of Germany and from abroad over a thousand telegrams, congratulating him on the event. Count Herbert Bismarck has returned to Berlin.

The army manoeuvres in Hungary finished on Sept. 17. The Emperor publicly thanked General Baron Catty, the former Commander of the 5th Army Corps, for the half-century of

military service which this veteran officer has just completed. The Emperor gave audience at Gödöllö on the 18th to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The King of Sweden and Norway, accompanied by his sons, Crown Prince Gustave and Prince Eugène, arrived at Fredensborg Castle on Sept. 19, to join the Royal family gathering. In the afternoon, the Czar, the King of Denmark, and the Empress Frederick visited the ancient Castle of Kronborg. At the State dinner in the evening the Empress sat between the King of Denmark and the Czar. King Christian proposed "The health of the Empress Frederick and her daughters." The band played the National Anthem. Assembled at the castle were an Emperor, an Empress, an Empress Dowager, three Kings, one Queen, four Heirs Apparent, and thirty-five Imperial and Royal Princes and Princesses. The King and Queen, with the Czar and Czarina, the Empress Frederick, the King of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales, and other illustrious guests, arrived at Copenhagen on the 20th from Fredensborg. They visited the Royal Chronological Collections at Rosenborg Castle, Thorvaldsen's Museum, and the Museum of Northern Antiquities. Having breakfasted at the Amalienborg Palace, they returned by express train to Fredensborg. To the State dinner at the castle, in the evening, the German Minister at Copenhagen, Herr Von Brincken, and the British Minister, Mr. Macdonald, and his wife had the honour of being invited. The Empress Frederick and her daughters left for Berlin on the 21st.

As Protector of the International Congress of Orientalists, held at Stockholm, the King of Sweden has conferred the First Class of the North Star on Professor Max Müller. This is the highest decoration given for science and literature in Sweden and Norway.

In the sitting of the Second Chamber of the Netherlands States-General, on Sept. 19, the Minister of Finance brought forward the Budget for 1890. The extraordinary estimates

show a deficit of 5,000,000 fl., but, as there has been a surplus on the ordinary Budget for several years past, no increase of taxation will be necessary.

A disastrous landslip occurred at Quebec on Sept. 19. An enormous mass of rock became detached from the cliff under the citadel and crashed down into Champlain-street, a distance of 300 ft. below, demolishing a number of houses, whose occupants were buried beneath the débris. Six hundred soldiers and civilians were soon at the work of rescue, which was, however, rendered extremely difficult owing to the road being covered with blocks of rock to the depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. The number of persons who have lost their lives is not yet known, but by some it is given as fifty, and others place it as high as 175. The total number of dead extricated from the ruin is forty. Fifteen persons are in the hospital suffering from injuries.

The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Graving Dock, the largest in America, was successfully opened on Sept. 20 by Admiral Watson, in presence of 10,000 people.

The Bill for the payment of members of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has been passed by both Houses of the Legislature, and will come into operation forthwith.

The race for the Australian Great Metropolitan Stakes was run at Sydney on Sept. 24, with the following result: Abercorn, 1; Arsenal, 2; Wycombe, 3.

Edinburgh University, following the lead of Oxford, has inaugurated a fortnight's autumn gathering; and an elaborate course of lectures has been provided in all departments of science, literature, and art.

The Sanitary Institute Congress was opened on Sept. 24 at Worcester. The Mayor received the guests at the Council Chamber in the morning, and invited them to luncheon. In the evening there was a meeting at the Guildhall, where the presidential address was delivered.

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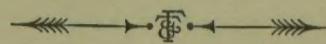
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